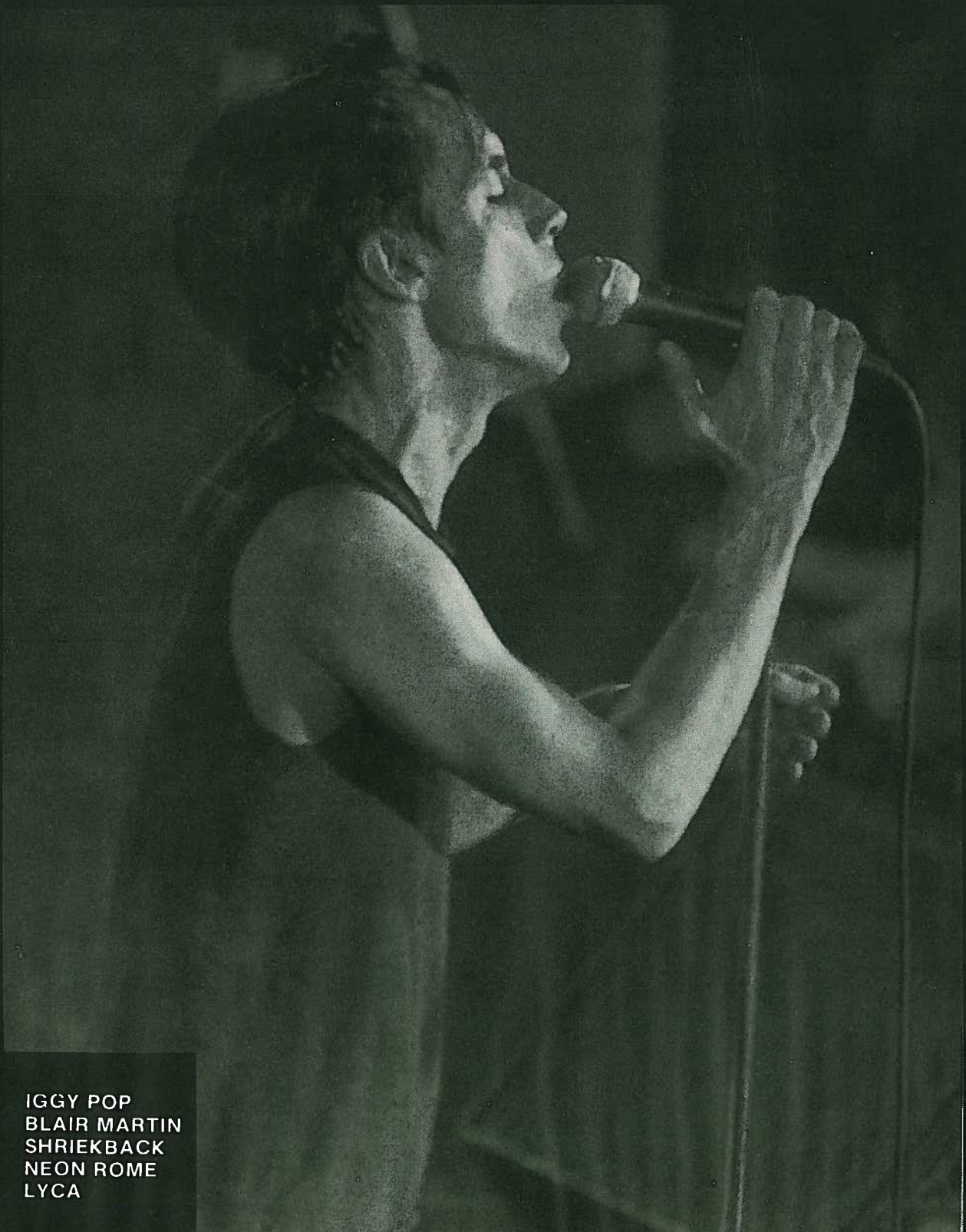


Mute Elation

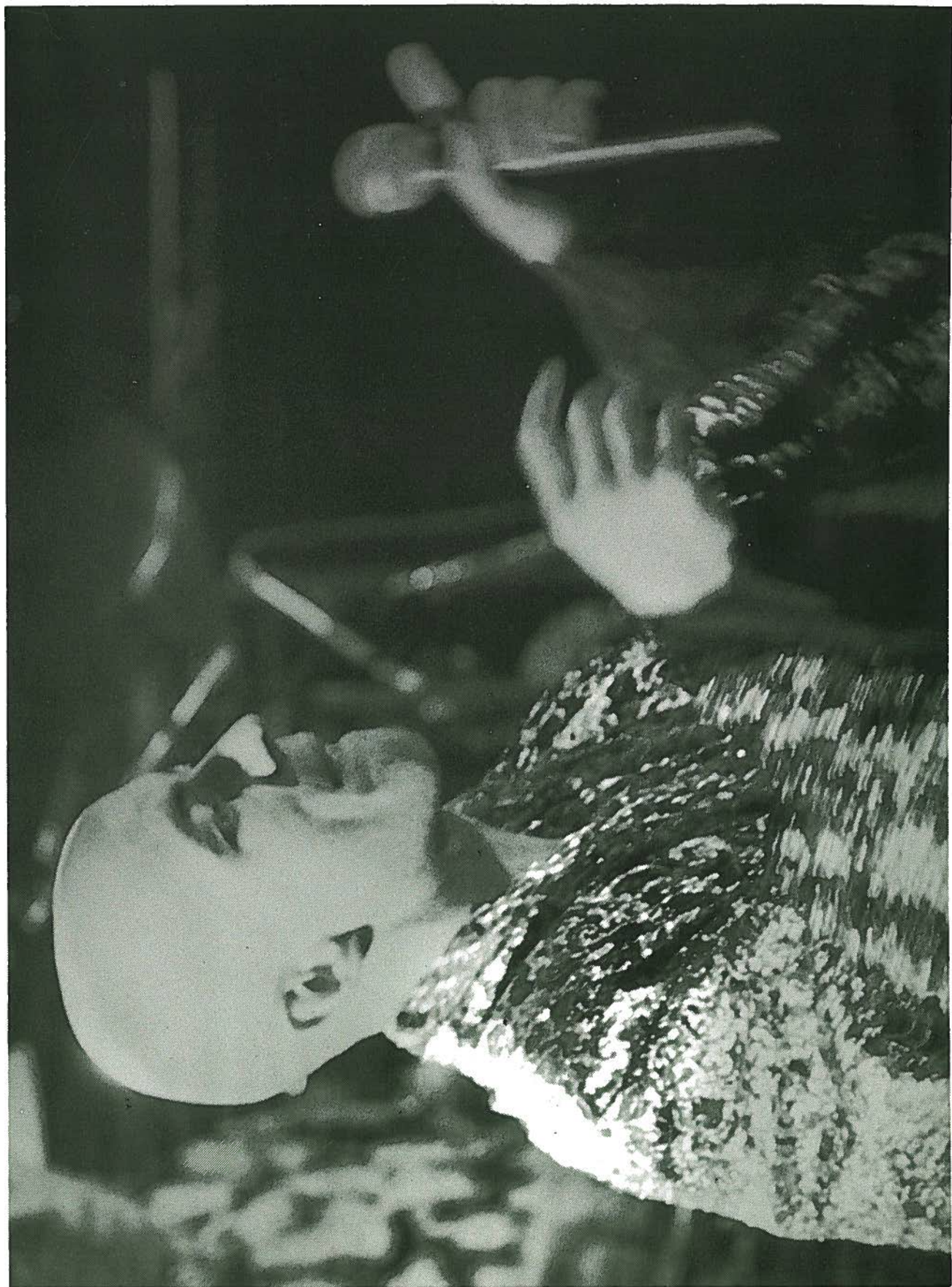
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MK II
2.00



IGGY POP
BLAIR MARTIN
SHRIEKBACK
NEON ROME
LYCA



PAT BRAUN, EDITOR.



(Patrisha is in Europe.)

Hello again, sports fans. This issue of Elation comes to you at a time when our dauntless leader is vacationing on the continent. But, never fear, she has been busily phoning and writing letters telling us what to do. So much that Anna got mad and spray-painted Pat's desk with some nasty graffitoes we won't go into just now. But that's another story.

Boy, the fumes in this place are really getting to me. Anyway, we have a lot of really interesting features in this month's edition.

More interviews and pictures, and even the latest installment of "The Commando Rabbits" from the amazing world of the Sisters Gantz. And other things too numerous and frightening to describe. Hmm.... It's getting late, I'm starting to bake, I think I'll have another beer.

Begorrahl

Casey O'Finnegan,
editor pro-tem.

Mute Elation

Toronto's only rock'n'roll magazine.



CONTENTS

Letters.....	2
Around Town.....	3
Iggy Pop.....	4
DOA.....	8
Fifth Column.....	8
The Commando Rabbits.....	9
Cooking with Mattie.....	11
Classics of Rock.....	11
Blair Martin.....	12
Toys.....	22
T-shirts.....	23
A Neon Rome.....	24
Psychic TV.....	26
Ian Hunter.....	27
Lou Reed.....	28
Dream Syndicate.....	29
The Ikons.....	29
Out of the Grey.....	30
Odin Quiz.....	30
Moron's Corner.....	31
U.I.C.....	32
Kiddie Korner.....	33
Lyca.....	34
John Prédeaux.....	35
Erica Ehm.....	36
Shriekback.....	38
Sleepy Young Punks.....	42
The Squeakin' Mohican.....	43
Doktor Herbert von Herbert.....	44
Special Credits.....	44



Hurrah!

LETTERS

A Letter From Pat

Herr Sänger!

Was's los? Paris stank; full of Frenchmen y'know. Anyway, I finally caught up with Mano and Ernst (of 'Loki Group' repete). Our new record label is called 'Spotty Records' which I think is rather fey. Last night we went out and got drunk and I think I put my fist through a window or something, my hand is all cut-up anyway. So this could be written in blood but why waste it on you, ha-ha. Lake Geneva was really something, like a mirror to Asgard. I feel so ethnic, ha-ha. It's cold here and they are always pushing food at you. I am supposed to go to Munich but I haven't gotten round to it yet. Paul is waiting there, and so is Franz.

I was upset to here that Anna vandalised my desk. When I return, she will be punished. I will make her kneel. I will make her crawl and lick my toes.

At any rate, I hope the Irishman is looking after the magazine all right. Sorry I missed Iggy.

Anyway I will bring you all some nice stuff when I come back and I hope the new issue goes really well. Now I must make haste, for I am being watched. In the morning, we drive East.

Hurrah!

Basel, Switzerland.

Patrisha von Braun.

Liebe Patschen,

.... Do you have any tattoos? Pierces? Scars? Do you have a favourite article of leather, clothing or otherwise?

Mike Niederman,

London Ont.

(Gee, now there's a nice wholesome lad!)

Dear Mute Elation,

.... when you refer to Pat Braun as a "big mean kraut dyke", do you mean dyke as in homo-sexual lesbian?

Claire Bisquette,

Hamilton Ont.

(No, we mean dyke as in Dutch sea-barrier, you imbecile.)

Dear Pat,

I love your magazine; it is perfect. And I am particularly thrilled by the Commando Rabbits. Please, bring us more Commando Rabbits stories in the future!

Noah Morris,

Buffalo NY

(Ya want rabbits? We got rabbits!)

Mute Elation!

....I think I'm in a jam. Y'see, my kid brother's into blues guitar, so my parents sent him off to music camp. And then my sister decides she wants to be an accountant, so the folks send her off to computer camp. Okay. But now Mom and Dad have started looking at me and saying how I've always had trouble concentrating. What should I do?

Barb Dwyer,

Toronto Ont.

(Well, you're only compounding the problem....)

Dearest Mute Elation,

Merry New Year!

Lyca McGreevy,

Markham Ont.

(Same to you with brass knobs on it.)

Send your letters to:

Mute Elation

Box 143

260 Adelaide St. East

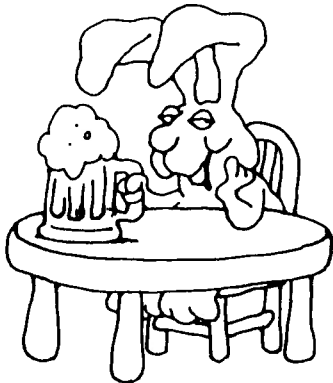
Toronto Ont.

M5A 1N0

"Crop dustin', here we go...."



AROUND TOWN



Amoeba Quiche: An interesting band. They sing songs about growing up, often painfully. This band is loaded with wit, though scarcely contrived. They grasp every nook and cranny of the teenage psyche. Light listening, but with serious implications for all humanity. A tad naïve but ultimately an uplifting experience.



Amoeba.



The Dundrells: Well, well. Yet another false alarm? Shall we tell the president? Are we excited yet? My heart bleeds. So do my gums, yea, verily.

Bratty and the Babysitters: Well, I'm amazed. But heck, I was born amazed. Bratty will forever remain loyal to Bratty. But this is so incongruous. What's that you say? Stukas, over Bethlehem? Oh dear. Lotta fun.



Micky The Rebel.



The Forgotten Rebels: Hee hee. Damn it all, if it isn't the Band of A Thousand Anthems. Seems they've changed quite a bit over the years, but I couldn't say from what into what. You have to be in the right frame of mind to see the Rebs. Try humming The Pink Panther theme to yourself over and over again during the performance. It's like bad tranquilizers or too much coffee or a really potent whiff of sal ammoniac. Mind-sifting. Micky is still sort of likeable in spite of himself. Perhaps a bit disintegrated.

The Daleks: Yet another Scarborough band with a lot to say for itself. Technically competent and very serious-minded. Heavy reliance on keyboards unusual for a four-piece ensemble. Gripping.

Purple Toads: A rooting tooting Hamilton garage outfit that really must be seen to be heard.

will to power 1: the drive of the superman in the philosophy of Nietzsche to perfect and transcend the self through the possession and exercise of creative power 2: a conscious or unconscious desire to exercise authority over others

* * * * *
"If people from Vancouver are Vancouverites,
are people from Paris Parisites?"

-- Pierre La Pin.

* * * * *
"Sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind;
sometimes the crueller the better.... sometimes
you just have to be cruel."

-- Loki Finokee.

* * * * *
"Life is too short not to eat animal crackers."

-- Pervis McFee.

* * * * *

IGGY POP

IGGY POP-- Concert Hall, November 9.

Uh-oh. Iggy's back. And you know what that means: lacerated flesh, shattered glass all over the place, booze-and-drug-induced mayhem and audiences that resemble human junkyards. In other words, all the elements that make rock'n'roll the uplifting thing it truly is. That's what Our Ig is all about, right?

Wrong. The 1986 version of Iggy Pop is cleaned-up and-- perish the thought!--mature. He claims to be sober, drug-free, and monogamous, too, if you please. No longer is he the twisted little mutant from Michigan we've all come to adore.

But he's still a helluva good singer and he can still play rock'n'roll. The problem is that his band can't, as they proved at the Concert Hall, Nov. 9.



"Hey, is that
me up there?"

After a genuinely inane set by the decrepit Forgotten Rebels, who are a good reason for nuking Hamilton, Iggy pounced onto the stage while his band played "Blah Blah Blah", the title cut from his new album. This sounded pretty good, since it was faithful to the recorded version; it sounded as it should have. But then the band started into "Gimme Danger", from the Stooges' Raw Power album. More like soggy impotence this time around. They played it competently, they played it cleanly. They ruined it. Iggy's voice was suitably ragged, but when contrasted with the band's

colourless performance this once intense song seemed ludicrous. Not that they should have attempted to duplicate a Stooges show; that would have been equally absurd. But they could have at least played it like they meant it.

They did, however, play Iggy's post-Stooges music more in the way it was meant to be played. Their renditions of "Nightclub-bing" and "Sister Midnight" were controlled but menacing enough to work, although once again fewer manners and more mania would have made these songs really burn. The same goes for their rather bland version of "5'11"". Then again, everyone has the right to come up short once in a while.

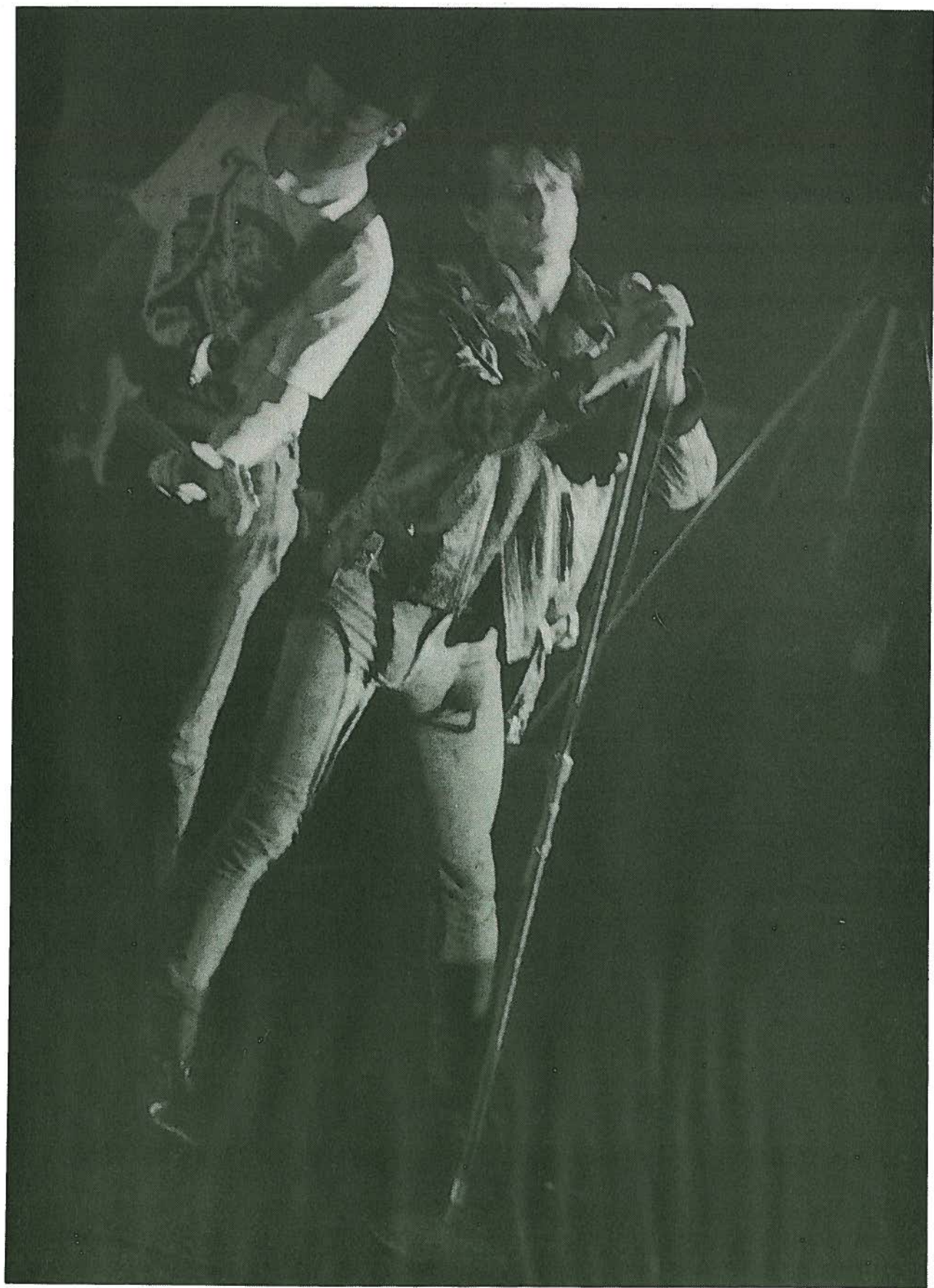
Despite all this, Iggy himself put on a great performance. He sang, he danced,

"I've got a lovely
bunch o' cokeynuts...."



he flailed about and was basically godlike for the entire set. He exuded energy, without the use of chemicals or boiling wax. This probably disappointed the deviants in the audience, and those who were sentimental for the days when Iggy would do really uncomfortable things to himself onstage, but you can't please everybody. Some people would not accept this, however. One such person kept offering Iggy a jar of peanut butter, obviously hoping that Iggy would do something abnormal with it. Finally, he did. He took that jar of peanut butter and hurled it at the floor, smashing it to smithereens. Then, he smeared the contents on his face and neck, saying: "you want peanut butter? Okay, you got peanut butter. Ya happy?" Oh, that Iggy. He's such a little imp.

The audience enjoyed the gig, Iggy enjoyed it, and the band tried to enjoy it but didn't quite know how. It is really depressing to





hear songs like "Raw Power" and "Down on the Street" played without even a hint of balls. But you can't be too choosy; these resurrected deities don't show up so often, and when they do they are almost invariably boring. Iggy wasn't boring at all, even if his band was. The guy can even sing. Not bad for a thirty-nine-year-old former geek.

Editorial: "The Peanut Butter Phenomenon"

It was only a few minutes after the triumphant Iggy Pop performance when I was accosted by a miserable street urchin who was waving a dirty plastic spoon. "Do you see this?" the miserable wretch intoned, "It is actual peanut butter that I managed to scrape off Iggy. I mean is that fantastic or what?" I gingerly examined the artifact the poor devil was clutching in his dirty little fist. Sure enough, the spoon was caked with peanut butter and black, sickly arm hair. The young beggar was obviously bent on enshrining this noisome relic. I felt sick, and my two subordinates recoiled in dismay from this gruesome display of fannish idolatry. As we hastily walked away from the poor demented goon, I realized that he was no worse than the thousands of poor fools who flock each year to the Holy Land to seek miracles. Ah wee dug, I see, I hang up my sporran.

IGGY POP

Album Review

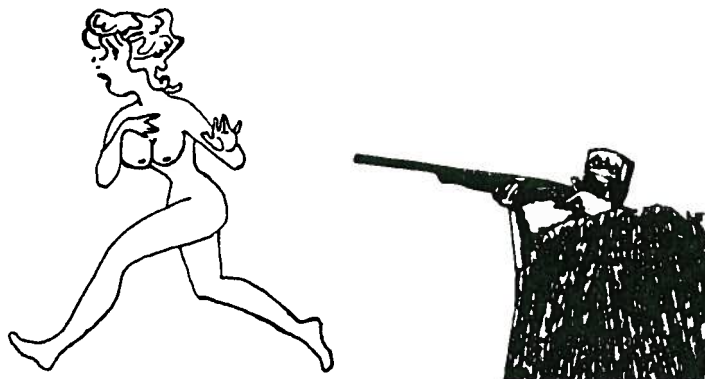
Iggy Pop-- "Blah Blah Blah"

"Blah blah blah" is Iggy Pop's comeback album, one in a long line of Iggy Pop comebacks. This time around, the comeback is contrived to produce commercial success, and a hefty balance in old Iggy's bank account.

The plan is working. You can now here them piping the latest Pop tune through the sound system at Woolco. You can mention Iggy's name to just about anyone and they'll know who you're talking about. Hell, you can even find Iggy's records on the sale racks at K-mart and other fine stores. How can this be? Who was responsible for this abrupt change? Why, it's none other than David Bowie, the man responsible for another one of Iggy's comeback albums -- "The Idiot". Yes, Mr. Excitement is back at

Iggy's side, but it just is not the same as in the good old days when Bowie was still interested in music; now after emasculating his own sound, Bowie seems set on removing the testicle from Iggy, too. So thanks to Bowie's production, the sound on "Blah Blah Blah" is decidedly sweet. Decidedly blah. The songs themselves on this album however are great, the lyrics are typically dark and caustic, and the music itself is sometimes quite driving. Bowie even gets a line in about the Live-Aid scam: "We are the world, we are so huge, blah blah blah." So once again Iggy is rock'n'roll's enfant terrible, or at least one of a handful of them. As in Iggy's earlier records, there are obligatory songs revealing his sometimes-winning, sometimes-losing battle for survival. Appropriately, the first two lines of "Winners and Losers" sum up this conflict within himself (Winners and losers/ Which one am I?) Not a great lyric, but to the point. Then there are the ballads; Iggy does them quite well. By now everyone has heard "Cry For Love" and seen the video for it so there's no need to go into it just here. All in all, "Blah Blah Blah" is pretty good. It's much better than "Zombie Birdhouse", which might have been Iggy's swan-song, and it's much better than no Iggy at all. It's a fun album; you can dance to it, and although the production is sugary enough to cause diabetes, you should try to forgive Old Iggy-- he needs the money just like anyone else, and slick sells. Forty is an undignified age to be wondering where your next meal (or whatever) is coming from.

**LARGER BREASTS DO
MAKE A DIFFERENCE**



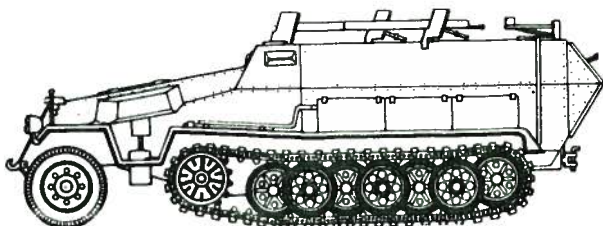
Well, well, people sure do like dinosaurs, don't they? As you may know, these animals became extinct a while back, but people still keep digging up bones and standing them on museum pedestals. It's like that with this hardcore thing. Hardcore lost its flesh and blood a long time ago, too. A few fossils appear from time to time, but there is no life left in the thing.

If you want proof of this, you should have been at DOA's gig at RPM on Oct. 2. What you got was the spectacle of a bunch of aging "punks" running through a set of worn, tired songs. It was an evening of old favourites, sprinkled with the requisite dose of political preaching (always good for applause).

They played stuff from their first album, which no one liked at the time it came out, but which people now shout out requests for. That's just nostalgia. But wasn't punk all about not looking back?

Then the singer, Joey Shithead, led the guys through a medley of Subhumans 'hits', such as "Fuck You". This got them lots of applause, and of course some people (about twenty) took the cue and started slam-dancing. It was expected, like everything else at this gig.

DOA were utterly predictable, just like any bar band, and a lot less interesting than many. Which is not to say that they're completely incompetent--what they do they do pretty well-- but they never change. Like just about every hardcore band, they don't try to explore new territory, they just refine what they know. They stay nice and secure within the boundaries they've set for themselves, and pretend that they're still important or shocking. What they are is dull. They must be eliminated. Like all useless things.



Album Review:

Fifth Column-- "To Sir With Hate"

Fifth Column is back and they're better than ever! This new album is a real piece of work. An undeniable breakthrough in the field of avante-garde demipop. Fifth Column has produced a scintillating LP, one that is preternatural and pan-Slavic in its implications.

Critical darlings of the Toronto cult circuit, Fifth Column is a Queen St. East outfit. The amazing leaps and bounds they've made in their short career (they've only been around six years) are truly astounding. For such a young band to release a major work like "To Sir With Hate" is an anomaly unprecedented in rock history. And even more wild-- that crazy album is selling like hotcakes! And so continues their skyrocketing climb to fame and untold fortune! These rollicking cats have received rave-reviews from such high-brow media mags as Feel & Scream and Vergeltungs-Express! And they've been playing to sell-out crowds all over the tri-city area. There seems to be no stopping them. With such names as Gloria and Caroline it's easy to see why Fifth Column have been nicknamed "The Furious Bunch".

And so, I leave you with this strong advisory to see Fifth Column and buy their record at the earliest possible opportunity. It's saved more than one marriage, I'll tell ya.

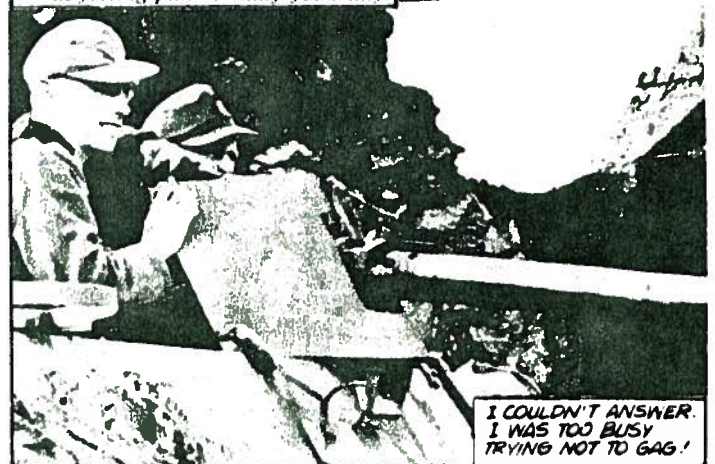
The sweet smell of success. Fifth Column and you. What a team.

* * * * *

"Act as if the maxim from which you act were to become through your will a universal law."

-- Immanuel Kant

I was feeling punk all day yesterday.



I COULDN'T ANSWER.
I WAS TOO BUSY
TRYING NOT TO GAG!

Assignment: Toronto!

Once upon a time, there lived a rabbit named Hazel. Hazel had shiny black eyes and chocolate-brown fur. But Hazel was not like ordinary rabbits. Hazel was a weapon of war. He had a cybernetic brain. He could talk, play euchre, and smoke cigars. He could see infrared and ultraviolet. He could pilot a helicopter and carry a tune. And in each of his sleek, chocolate-brown flanks, Hazel had enough firepower to derail several locomotives.

(April, 1997. A key Sandanista outpost in El Salvador had been effectively neutralized by the CIA's ultra-secret "rabbit-of-death" operatives. The communist thrust northward had been halted for the time-being. Even as the victorious cyberrabbits were being flown back to the States, a new threat was developing. For decades, it had been known that the city of Toronto was a festering hotbed of leftist ideology. Its KGB-infiltrated university had been turning out a steady stream of Soviet-worshipping subversives for decades. Its population had sunk into decadence and pacifism. The city was a rotting corpse, spreading its corruption ever deeper into the continent. It was too far gone to be saved. It would have to be sterilized.)

....and hit them with everything you've got. This will be a complete test of the rabbit super-soldier concept, Colonel Hazel. Amphibious landing vehicles, miniature assault tanks, helicopters and ground-support dive-bombers. All in all, close to three full cyberrab divisions, most of them fresh from biofactory and basic training. Any questions?

"The Canadian authorities sir; do they know we're coming?"

"This is a top-secret operation, Colonel. You'll be in and out before they know they've been hit."

"But, if we encounter any...."

"That's at your discretion, Colonel."

05.43 hours, Lake Ontario. Three battalions of miniature landing craft scuttle silent and unnoticed up the Toronto beaches. Tiny gangplanks swing down, disgorging

tightly-grouped cyberrab platoons. Armoured vehicles splash ashore, their turrets tracking methodically left and right. Battle echelons assemble, and the first wave rolls into the city. The distant drone of tiny aircraft engines gradually intensifies.

"Awright, rabbittroopers, this here's what the map calls Queen West Soho. Fan out and shoot anything that moves."

Their first kill: a group of hippie-like creatures that emerge from an alley. Next, a young man in a Parachute Club t-shirt. "There ain't many locals awake at this hour, Colonel," Lieutenant Silver complains.

All right, then, knock out some of these buildings. That'll wake the lazy parkers up."

And the whole universe was abruptly ablaze. Little shops, little clubs, little people flying in fiery bits through the air.

"Our ninety minutes are almost up, Colonel," Corporal Fiver warns from the turret of the command vehicle, "We had better start pulling back to the...."

"Corporal, we're not going anywhere until we rack up a half-decent body-count. Now, let's find Charlie and burn his butt."

"Charlie? Colonel, we're not back in 'Nam. This is Toronto, we're on a housekeeping raid. This is...."

"Corporal, shut up and drive. NOW!"

The advance swings down Yonge Street, meeting no resistance. But sirens are ringing everywhere. Hysterical fire trucks rush towards the devastation. Police cruisers, like angry ants, swarm towards the maelstrom of chaos. They form a roadblock at College street, not yet realizing the full extent of the problem.

"What do you make of it, Jack?"

"Dunno, Herb. Must be some sort of terrorist bombing. Where did all these rabbits come from?"

"Dunno, Jack. Any donuts left?"

"Dunno, Herb. Hey, that rabbit over there just kicked over a newspaper box."

"D'yuh think we should shoot it?"

"Gee, I guess maybe we better."

The policemen step cautiously out of their patrol car. They draw their pistols and shoot at the offending rabbit, hitting it squarely. The rabbit somersaults backwards,



smashing against a fire hydrant.

"Guess we got him, eh, Herb? Hee-hee."

"Guess so, Jack. He's not bleeding, though."

The rabbit gets up, shaking and snarling obscenely.

"Oh shit."

A plate swivels open on the rabbit's back, and twin Oerlikon machine-guns snap upright into the morning sun.

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit."

A hail of armour-piercing bullets flies abruptly from the Oerlikons, riddling the patrol car and bisecting Herb. Jack was only wounded, remaining a police but perhaps no longer a man.

The rabbit advance gathers momentum, leaving a trail of carnage and Easter eggs in its wake. "Throw those eggs around, troops. I want those VC bastards to know who did this." The Colonel is off in his own reality, superimposing Mekong Delta over Yonge & Bloor. The Metro Police are in full retreat, fleeing in stunned disbelief before the rabbit invaders. Can nothing stop them?

Nothing can stop them.

"This is CityPulse LiveEye at the corner of Bloor and Bay. A group of heavily-armed rabbits has stormed the downtown area, creating a traffic bottleneck as far back as the Don Valley Parkway. Police report moderate to heavy fighting as the rabbits overrun strategic points and shopping centres. What everyone wants to know is who these rabbits are and what they want. Later this morning on CityLine, Dini Petty discusses these questions with noted veterinary and political authorities. Right now stay tuned to City for 'Rabbit Militarism: Its Affect On The Fashion Industry' with Jeanne Beker."

Springtime in the city and the smell of burning petrol. Yorkville disappears into a continuous sheet of flame; Colonel Hazel has exceeded his orders somewhat. The Metro Police have been thoroughly routed, and the charred remains of yellow patrol cars dot the streets like so many art-nouveau vending machines. The biomechanical rabbits surge westward.



08.17 hours, Bloor and St. George.

"Corporal Fiver, radio 'V' company to get up here with those flamethrower tanks and self-propelled guns. And some anti-personnel rocket-launchers."

"The U of T, Colonel?"

"While we're here, Corporal."

The lagomorph death-machines close and destroy. Dormitories flare with panic and napalm as hundreds of dazed students flee into the open and are cut down by the withering crossfire.

"This is like shooting rats in a barrel!"

"We're wasting ammunition on these weasels. Too many of 'em are slipping through. Corporal, its time to call in the fliers."

"Green leader to wing, we're going in. Arm 20 kg bombs and vector towards target Delta. Standard attack from 12,000 feet. Make it count."

The tiny turbojet dive-bombers swing into echelon formation as they approach the target area. Deploying dive-brakes and arming screamer-sirens, the planes half-roll and aileron-turn into a near-vertical dive. At 3,000 feet, still almost vertical, each plane releases its bombs and pulls out of the dive. Below, the campus is obscured by a pattern of grey plumes marking explosions. Buildings collapse into each other and dazed scholars scurry frantically hither and thither, their eyes cataracted with terror. A professor, pinned beneath a mound of shattered masonry, cries out for assistance. "Aaargh, my intestines!" he wails. The rabbit planes bank and swing around for a strafing run.

"Stand by to fire rockets. Don't shoot until you're at tree-top level."

Finally, Colonel Hazel gives the order to pull out. The rabbits fall back to the beaches. Amidst the smoking wreckage, furtive groups of punks scavenge like jackals. Mounds of dead socialists smoulder greasily. Rival gangs of punks squabble over booty. A woman weeps.



Cooking with Mattie

Mattie's Chicken Soup

Ingredients:

- 1 medium-sized chicken
- 2 cans cream-of-mushroom soup
- 2 boxes Kraft Dinner

Prepare cream-of-mushroom soup, adding the required water or milk. Simmer until hot. Next, thoroughly smother the chicken with the cream-of-mushroom soup. He will no doubt put up a fierce struggle and you should wear gloves to prevent scalding yourself. You will know the chicken is thoroughly smothered when the air bubbles subside and he stops thrashing. You will know his poor little chicken lungs have filled with hot mushroom soup, and he has succumbed. Oy, the poor little chicken.

Next, boil the Kraft Dinner until it is soft. Or don't if you don't want to; it doesn't matter, never mind. Anyway, throw that in with the mushroom soup, and pull the chicken out. Then, with a sledgehammer or any handy utensil, bang the chicken up into pieces. Yes, bones and all. Yes, feathers and all. If you don't like them, you can eat around them. Feh. Throw the chicken bits back in the soup. And don't throw away the two little packets of cheese powder from the Kraft Dinner. You can sprinkle that on toast and have it later. Food is food. There are children starving in Russia.

Allow the soup to simmer for several hours. Stir occasionally. If you don't want to stir that doesn't matter. It will only be ruined, that's all. Pfui. When it's ready to eat you should be able to tell just by looking at it.

You know what chicken soup is supposed to look like don't you. Serve while still hot. If it gets cold you'll have to throw it out. If you're going to let it sit around and get cold you shouldn't even bother making nice food. This recipe will serve about six. If it doesn't, you've done something wrong. Serve with whole-wheat biscuits. This dish will add a festive, semitic flair to your next party or get-together.

CLASSICS OF ROCK

Richard Carstens, a rock'n'roll legend in his own time. He's a veteran of the Toronto scene, having been in such groups as Funhouse, Afhakken, Madhouse, and, currently, Sun Zoom Spark. He's a solitary figure with a musical talent that is a wondrous gift and yet a tormenting burden. He is driven by his horrid inner demons. Part of that drive is examined in his classic song, "Road to Glory".

Road to Glory

I'm getting ready to run and hide
There's a few things I must confide

I'm just gonna be a rock'n'roller

I'm not just talking 'bout occasional sin
Or an obvious problem with me

I'm just gonna be a rock'n'roller

So.... Do you really wanna join me
DO YOU REALLY WANT TO?

You said you would accompany me
Right up to the land of the free
Riding on the road to glory

One thing I forgot to say
I got so many crazy ways
And that is really rather dull and boring

So.... I hope you'll join me
I hope you do
Oh, you'll wanna join me
What will happen to you if you do?

Richard

Roger Henna of the notorious oddcore band, The Screaming Pukes, is also a song writer of some repute. His song "You Have Fleas" was a Pukes classic.

You Have Fleas

You think that you can
Do as you please, but baby
You remind me of moldy cheese
I'm gonna lock you outside
And watch you freeze
'Cos baby
You have fleas

Na-na, na-na-na, na

Oh, baby
You have fleas.

RAVINGS OF A MOJO

BLAIR MARTIN SPEAKS OUT.



Interview: Blair "Mojo" Martin.

The Raving Mojos were an epic Toronto band, antic and unforgettable. They were definers of an era. Yes, yes indeed. Recently, we at Mute Elation had an opportunity to interview Blair Martin, ex-Mojo and all-round rock'n' roller. The witty and animated Mr. Martin addressed many important issues:

M.E.: So, you have a new band now. Who plays in it?

Blair: Al Miller plays guitar, Brian McCulloch plays drums, and Marley Houghton does bass.

M.E.: Wasn't Al Miller in Living Proof?

B.: Yeah, he was. He was the leader of Living Proof.

M.E.: Tell us about your childhood.

B.: My childhood? I was raised in the United States of America. I lived in a terrible neighbourhood in Newark where you can't go out of your house past six o'clock at night, which is why I'm such a good boy. 'Cause I didn't come from a safe place like Toronto, where some of my friends did.

M.E.: When did you move up here?

B.: When I was twelve. But I'm not an American -- I'm a Canadian; I was born here. My brother is an American, he was born there. My parents are immigrants, from England. You don't have to mention that, because I hate English people. I hate English people.

M.E.: I hate French people, like from France...

B.: Whooh!

M.E.: So it's Favourite Ethnic Groups Night. So why do you hate English people?

B.: Why do I hate English people? Well, I mean everyone is so fucking impressed with them. They are, without a doubt, the tiniest people in the world. They're quite inventive, in some ways, but a lot of bad traditions go back to English people. Like, the fact that none of us know what a good singer sounds like is because English people don't sing. And it goes right back to Mick Jagger not knowing how to sing, so our ears get used to people not singing. So now we don't even know what good singers sound like anymore.

M.E.: Of course the accent hides a multitude of sins....

B.: Yeah. I don't know why it sounds so

impressive, but it does.

M.E.: Especially to Americans. Someone who's speaking with an accent to an American audience can say things that would make him sound like a total jerk without the accent.

B.: Yeah, well, I'm a punk from the old days, 1976, and I was listening to American bands before there were British bands. And the Brit bands utterly shocked me when they came out, 'cause it was kinda like they were missing the point, for me. I saw the Ramones in, I guess, September 1976, at the New Yorker Theatre, and that really changed my life. I stopped listening to crap music; only listened to good music from then on.

M.E.: What did you listen to before that?

B.: Oh, anything you listened to in the 70's. You know, I listened to the good music of the 70's-- I was into Roxy Music, Eno and Iggy, and stuff like that that you heard-- but until the Ramones came out I never took it as the only important music. Know what I mean?

M.E.: All the "progressive" stuff....

B.: Led Zeppelin and Yes and Emerson Lake & Palmer-- just the shit. I was just 16, and what do you know, right?

M.E.: That's what they started calling "pomp rock"....

B.: Ah yeah, I saw Emerson, Lake & Palmer five times when I was 16. Oh, and Jethro Tull. The worst. I was at a Jethro Tull concert when I realized that big concerts were really crummy. I'd sorta lost interest in that kinda thing anyway, and-- I guess it was 1976-- I went to a Jethro Tull concert and realized that the band was no good, that there was nothing at all happening. They were playing okay, but there was no atmosphere there. You know, it happens even with good bands, but there was no atmosphere. But these 15,000 other people around me, they had no idea that this wasn't happening -- they thought this was the best it could ever be. It was a big fucking con game, as far as I was concerned.

So, anyway, when I saw the Ramones back in 1976,-- I had just got their first album, too, -- I realized that there was no more important music than this, and that Iggy and the Stooges were much more important than the other bands I listened to, including the Ramones. Then I heard the Sex Pistols, who were funny. And then I heard the Clash record, and I just couldn't believe that these guys couldn't play, couldn't sing, didn't want to, thought

RAVING MOJOS

MOJO FACTS

- 1977-Blair Martin and Myles Most meet. Blair was playing drums for The Androids, Myles was playing keyboards for The Tools. Both Toronto based bands.
- 1980-Blair and Myles team together to form The Heartbeats, in March. Blair sings lead vocals and Myles plays the drums. Toronto based.
- 1981-January. Blair forms the RAVING MOJOS. Kurtis Johnson-guitar, from The Yabs. Killer Kane - base , from The Sceneics. Mad Max - drums , from Mick Slick.
- 1981-February 27, RAVING MOJOS debut The Concert Hall, Toronto. Headlining a concert including three young bands playing to an audience of 400 .
- 1981-February 29. Myles Most joins to replace the Drummer.
- 1981-March, Record the first demo, 4-Track.
- 1981-May, Play a benefit for NOWML at Toronto City Hall's Nathan Phillip's Square to an audience of over 500.
- 1981-June. Begin the filming of "the Mojo Movie." Record 8-Track "live" demo for the soundtrack. The movie is 16mm, done in documentary style, includes 2 performances, both live, at, The Turning Point, Toronto, and, The Concert Hall, Toronto.
- 1981-Spend the rest of the year doing the Movie, writing material, rehearsing and playing live performances in Toronto Nightclubs. Hotel Isabella, Horseshoe Tavern, 100 Bond, Turning Point, Scuffers, Upper Lip, and High Schools.

Continued...

RAVING MOJOS

MOJO FACTS
.....2

- 1982-February 5 and 6, open a new nightclub in Montreal, Quebec.
- 1982-Out-of-Town performances in Ontario include; North Bay, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Markham.
- 1983-May 31. Open New York's Ramones show at The Concert Hall, Toronto.
- 1983-June 1. Killer Kane-Bass guitarist leaves Mojoes, moves to New York.
- 1983-Summer- MOJOS record a video of Stranded (in the Heat) for C.B.C.'s "Going Great" television show, featuring Kurtis Johnson-Guitar.
- 1983-November- "Mad" Alvin Carver joins the MOJOS as the permanent Bass player, backing vocalist.
- 1984-March. Warm-up Hanoi Rocks' debut Toronto performance at Head Space in Larry's Hideaway in Toronto.
- 1984-Record two 8-track demo tapes of MOJOS' original material using different locations for each tape.
- 1984-Start negotiations for Management deal with Ted Thresher.

RAVING MOJOS ORIGINAL MATERIAL INCLUDES MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE SONGS TO CHOOSE FROM

Mojo memorabilia courtesy of
Blair Martin. (Private collection.)

RAVING MOJOS

66 The Sunday Sun, October 25, 1981

JONATHAN GROSS



The Joe Perry Project was a cruel reminder that rock still has a few skeletons to be closeted. Perry, the totally desensitized former lead guitarist for Aerosmith, remains the industry's most insufferable post-nasal drip. Nazareth's first five songs were all at least ten years old, effectively precluding the worth of a lengthy critique.

Secure in the knowledge that Dan McCafferty would not forget the words to *This Flight Tonight*, a teenaged cousin and myself exited early from Maple Leaf Gardens Friday night seeking higher ground at Jarvis Collegiate's annual Halloween Sock Hop.

Don't scoff. For three bucks The Raving Mojoes, their chipped cymbals, a light show last used to interrogate Eichmann and a couple hundred go-go guys and girls provided far better dollar value than the \$10 cryogenics down the street.

The reckless local four-piece played with more conviction than Nazareth and, unbelievable as it may seem, as if they had more to lose. None looked older than 19 but for all their inexperience and excesses, the Mojoes have done some homework in the archives.

ROLL SHOW EVER!!

THE LAST ROCK AND



this was the point of the whole exercise, and sang in overdone accents. It was more like acting than singing. I got really pissed-off with English people.

M.E.: Also, the English acts seem to have a 50% better chance of making it big.

B.: Well they have a really good thing with their press. Their press trip is really very cool. Whatever's happening at The Turning Point (sic) on Saturday night, the equivalent situation in England gets reported in a big newspaper, and if some guy wants it to, it gets reported all over the world. Now, that's a situation they're just very lucky with. And plus, they were pretty creative with what they were doing back in the 60's. Same in the 70's, to an extent. But you'll find it's always an Englishman listening to American music-- you know, the Beatles and the Stones with their R&B records or Bryan Ferry and Brian Eno with their Velvet Underground records. There's always an American who never got his due behind those limey bastards, 'cause he's the poor sucker who invented what was happening.

M.E.: So, after that you decided to form a band....

B.: No. I started to play in bands. I was a drummer. I played in a band called the Androids years ago in 1977. I would have been about 18 when I started playing on the scene. That was a very tense thing, because we all knew.... there was a feeling in those days that we had a scene going here. You know, New Wave, Punk, whatever-- the terminology hadn't quite been invented. But there were bands like the Diodes and the Dishes, and they were starting to do it before the bands in England were; so so that chronologically, that makes us the second scene in the world (after New York) for this type of thing. And nobody ever capitalized on it. We all thought that Teenage Head might, for awhile, or the Viletones or somebody like that. In those days you felt a lot of pressure because you knew something was going to happen. It never did, but.... It was a very pressured situation, so I quit that.

M.E.: There's a quote from somebody's novel: "They were in the right place at the right time. Naturally, nothing happened."

B.: Good quote.

Anyway, I was fired. I guess I played with them for about two years. Then I went on, started a band with some friends of mine who

used to be in a band called the Tools. They had just broken up and I had just been fired from my band, and we couldn't find anybody to be the singer. I was going to be the drummer. So I became the singer.

That band lasted about a year. Which is how I got into singing, we just couldn't find a singer for this band-- we were called the Heartbeats.

And then I got the idea to form my own band, because the guys who I really respected, who were my seniors, in this other band, were jerks. And everybody I'd ever known who'd been a senior person to me in a band situation was a jerk. And my big statement, when I started my band in 1981, was "I'm the jerk now." Which I ended up being. My own guitar player attacked me at a party about a month ago 'cause I was a jerk; and I had become the very thing I never wanted to become. But that happens to everything.

That's one of my theories: everything becomes that which it isn't. If it sticks around longer than fifteen minutes it'll become that which it isn't supposed to be.

It's true; I've noticed it everywhere, everywhere I go. That's why I got pissed-off at the beginning of the punk thing with all the English bands. The point of the thing wasn't that you couldn't play, it was that you played simply. And it wasn't that you played a long song, it was that you played a short song. And that your singer was really good. Few people acknowledge it, but Joey Ramone is a wicked singer. I mean, he doesn't come out and blast your face off. All his notes are notes, not off-notes, they're not fucked-up; they're notes in a scale that form a melody. And guys not singing notes are missing the point of that. Someone always misinterprets something and the idea becomes what it isn't supposed to be.

M.E.: Well, even the British punk ideal turned into disco after a while. Even the idea of not being able to play and not being able to sing, they started packaging it as that. So it became the way to go. Rather than being a reaction against something, it became just another merchandising trick.

B.: Yeah. Did you hear Johnny Lydon on The New Music? He's saying these guys are just wearing uniforms. You know, they buy their mail-order clothes from England and.... it's a uniform now. It's not about being an individual, which is what Lydon's all about.

RAVING MOJOS

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FREE MUSIC 19

Raving Mojos — a fun band

By Norm Ibuki

There are few bands in Toronto who can rock like the Raving Mojos. They play rock 'n' roll that's fast, loud, raunchy and with a conviction even most big name stars don't come close to.

The Mojos have been around for more than three years. Things finally seem to be going their way. After a depressing summer when the band's bassist left to join the Androids in New York city, Mad 'Alvin' Carver, a professional bass player from Winnipeg, came to the rescue.

"When Alvin joined the band," explains lead singer Blair Martin, "we had the band back together in a whole new way. There was more of the musicianship we had first attempted to go after in the initial idea of the band."

The Mojos play straight ahead rock 'n' roll.

Although their musical debts are clear (i.e. MC5, Stooges, New York Dolls), they avoid floundering self-indulgence, coming up with a distinct sound of their own.

The other band members are Myles Dutton (drums) and Kurtis Schalter a.k.a. Johnson (guitar).

Their self-destructive/drunken days are over. Now the Mojos have their sights on practical objectives.

"We're looking towards recording," says Dutton, who first started as a keyboard player for the fools. "We think of arrangements at rehearsals. Now we say to ourselves, 'We're ready. We can record. We can bring out an audience.'"

If Billy Idol is being hailed as punk's first superstar, then what the hell are we? Chopped liver? We're willing to compromise totally, because we know we write rock 'n' roll songs that have a popular appeal and rock out," he says.

This isn't to say the Mojos are about to waste their time doing AC/DC or Nazareth cover tunes. They have enough confidence in their own material and abilities to lay everything on the line.

But to label the Mojos a mature band is unfair. This conjures images of a paunchy, old Robert Plant. The Mojos' music, thanks to Mad Alvin and perseverance, has, without sapping any energy, a sharper edge to it.

The last band Alvin was in was a country band called Empty Horses. He was fired because he kept taking off his cowboy hat.

Says Mad Alvin Carver: "None of the bands I'd been in before amounted to much. They've always played at least for a little while, then folded. The Raving Mojos is a fun band. Everybody I talk to says, 'You guys are the most fun band in the city. I'd go see you any time.'"

The Mojos have finally aligned themselves with their destiny.

Whether or not they'll achieve the success Blair Martin envisions depends on a lot of intangibles. But if any band can bring rock 'n' roll back to the people of Toronto, it's the Raving Mojos.

Instead of small clubs, we want to play to a full stadium of metallers, punk rockers, skin heads, or whatever fashion group," says Martin, explaining the ultimate destiny he desires for the Mojos. "We want to help end the factionalism and have something to say to all of them." ▲



The Raving Mojos (left to right) Mad 'Alvin' Carver, Myles Dutton, Kurtis Johnson, Blair Martin.

I'M GOIN' OUT TONIGHT

The revolution's in the air tonight
It's in the park, out everywhere in tonight

I'm really feelin' fine tonight,
Cause everything's cool, and everything shines tonight,
Hey man there's one big blast,
We'll all take off and laugh today,
So just hold on now, c'mon.

I'm goin' out tonight,
My darlin', you know the moon is shining bright,
I'm goin' out tonight,
Cause I really believe that I've seen the light,
Everything's cool, and I'm goin' out tonight.

The revolution's in my mind tonight,
What I might see, what I might find tonight,
Hey man I might just fall,
But darlin' let's not tell all tales,
Just hold on now, c'mon.
I'm goin' out tonight,
My darlin', you know the moon is shining bright,
I'm goin' out tonight,
Cause I really believe that I've seen the light,
Everything's cool, and I'm goin' out tonight.

We never worry very much about the time,
We look to heaven waiting for a sign,
Man we were cool, we weren't no fools,
Had real good sense, and never went to school.

The revolution's in the air tonight,
It's in the park, out everywhere tonight.

I'm goin' out tonight,
My darlin', you know the moon is shining bright,
I'm goin' out tonight,
Cause I really believe that I've seen the light,
Everything's cool, and I'm goin' out tonight.

--- Blair Martin



Al Miller.

M.E.: A good example is Billy Idol.

B.: Well, no, Billy Idol's a guy who wanted to make dough. I mean, I was reading newspaper articles about him when he was going to New York, and I think he's just a guy who wanted to make dough. Just one of those fucking aggressive sons-of-bitches who doesn't really give a shit.

M.E.: So then you were in the Raving Mojos....

B.: I started the Raving Mojos. I had just been thrown out of my house with this girl I used to live with, and I'd just got a job, too, working at a book warehouse. So, having no place to live, and a job that paid me really crummy money, I went to stay at this friend of mine's house. And, you know, we've been friends for a long time-- this is Ken, Ken Fox, or Ken Cain as he's sometimes known in Mojo mythology. I went to stay at his house for three days, or something like that, and, you know, I stayed for a year and a half.

We had his basement, his dad was a really nice guy. Ken's brother had a friend whose fifteen-year-old brother played guitar. And I knew a couple of guys who played drums; my buddy Max, who now works at the A&R department of A&M, was the original drummer. And we just started; we just started and went.

M.E.: What year was that?

B.: 1981. February 1981. I'd just been thrown out of my house and I started drinking booze alot, alot of beer. I did nothing but spend my money. I made \$115 a week and spent it all on beer and pot.... so that we could all get high and have a rock'n'roll band.

M.E.: Do you remember the first major Mojo performance?

B.: The first gig.... Somebody we knew was putting on a party-- he was one of those party guys from Rosedale, and they just have tons of friends, a huge network of friends, because I guess people from Rosedale don't really know anyone except each other. They live downtown, but they live in this really nice neighbourhood and they're really hip. You know, a good teenage social scene sorta happens in a situation like that. So he had rented out the Masonic Temple-- the Concert Hall-- to have a party in. And he was friends with our bass player, so he invited us to come play. We were playing with this band called Cloë, and there was a band called The Other Side, and we'd never played a gig yet. But everyone knew what we were and what we were like and what we did in the neigh-

bourhood. You know, we used to walk down the middle of the road and make cars move aside, in Rosedale. That was what we were all about--- "Mojos don't stop for nobody." That kind of bullshit.

So, I guess Cloë was going to be the headlining band. There were two bands, The Other Side and Cloë, and The Other Side said, listen, man, we don't wanna go on after those guys, they can have our middle spot. And Cloë said, why? And they said, oh man, these guys are gonna be crazy. Like, something's gonna happen so we don't wanna go on after them, 'cause this guy Blair, he's nuts. (And I guess I was at the time.) And Cloë said, oh really, well maybe we'll take the middle spot and let these Mojo guys headline. So we did and it just went from there.

It probably wasn't a very good set, but it was probably inspired because it was the first time we were doing anything. It was probably really crazy. But I don't really remember an awful lot of it musically, I just remember being onstage doing it. Then we started playing at The Turning Point-- about two weeks after that.

M.E.: So you were a little late to be playing at the Edge.

B.: I played at the Edge in the Androids and I played at the Edge in the Heartbeats.

M.E.: But not with the Mojos....

B.: No. We all went there one night to see the Scenics.

M.E.: Weren't they supposed to be a "mod" band?

B.: No, no, no, that was the Mods. Or the News, or something.

No, the Scenics were awful weird. I got their record here. We (Probably not here in the house) had some really great tapes from the Scenics. The Scenics were a great band that nobody noticed. They were like Talking Heads or something, same time-- 1975, 1976. But everybody who had ever seen them in Toronto (except for the Garys, who loved them) thought they stunk. 'Cause they used to do weird things, like leave the 'D' strings on the guitar and bass just a little out of tune, but it was tuned like that, they made sure of it.

And they'd do really screwed-up rhythm things, which looked more like they were making mistakes, but they weren't really-- they had written everything like that. They were quite a brilliant band, but no one ever noticed them. I think there's a couple of really mediocre

recordings of them on The Last Pogo album.

M.E.: Were they in the film?

B.: No, they weren't. You know we went to see the Scenics at the Edge. The Edge was a good club. Dick Duck used to work the door.

M.E.: So when did the Mojos officially call it quits?

B.: Fuck, what was the date? I was stoned on Valium for about two years. So I don't really have dates and stuff in my mind.... What year is this now?

M.E.: '86.

B.: '86! It lasted four years....

M.E.: Well it wasn't too long ago that you opened for the Fleshtones.... at the Elmocambo.

B.: A what?

M.E.: You opened for the Fleshtones at the El Mocambo, right?

B.: No, Richard Hell.

M.E.: Richard Hell. No, wait a minute....

B.: No, we didn't open for the Fleshtones, it was Richard Hell.

M.E.: It was Richard Hell?

B.: Yeah....

M.E.: When was the last time you played at the El Mocambo, then?

B.: That was it.

M.E.: Oh, so that's who I saw. Oh, it was the Dundrells who opened for the Fleshtones, uh, was it?

B.: Perhaps. Richard Hell.... that was that weird show where I was wearing army pants, a ripped-up pair of army pants, which I thought was a real daring fashion manoeuvre at the time. Ha ha ha. Hee hee.

In some ways I was getting sick of everything that was happening at that time, and I knew that we were into something. The last couple of years of the Mojos were very frustrating, and the first two years were great. Right up to the Ramones gig, on June 1st.

Our bass player left. We were an original band, like the Three Musketeers, you know, just like Richard (Carstens) said.

M.E.: Did you get much media attention as the Mojos?

B.: Very little. You know, people who liked us really liked us and people who didn't like us really, really didn't care.

M.E.: Did City-TV ever do anything with you?

B.: No.

M.E.: They never sent the New Music guys around or anything?

B.: Yeah, they did. Daniel Richler came to a show at Frankenstein's a few years ago.

M.E.: Did it ever air?

B.: No. I mean, they didn't bring cameras. Daniel Richler just came and tried to pick up young girls. Ha ha ha.

M.E.: Hee hee.

B.: Do you know the guy? I've never met him.

M.E.: I've met him. He's an ass.

B.: Is he?

M.E.: Yeah.

B.: I don't like the way he comes off on TV. I say bring back J.D. Roberts, myself. If I wanna see crummy television people, get real crummy television people!

M.E.: You ever get anything from (Peter) Goddard? He claimed, earlier on, to be the defender of the Toronto new wave, or whatever it was called then. You know, he let Steve Leckie write a few things for the Star, et cetera.

B.: No. Jonathan Gross was the only person who ever did anything for us. He came and saw us at the Jarvis Collegiate Institute. And he gave us a really nice write-up. That would've been about 1982. He really slagged Joe Perry and Nazareth, said he left the concert early, knowing that nothing bad would happen.

He said something like, "Confident in the knowledge that Dan McCafferty would not forget the words to "This Flight Tonight", I sought higher ground...." at the Jarvis Collegiate sock-hop, or something like that. And he was really nice to us, he tried to put us on his show once, but he got all flustered and they didn't get the cameras there and blah blah.

But he was a nice guy; he gave us a really nice write-up in the Sun. Which was pretty fair.

M.E.: But aside from that, the Mojos were horribly ostracized, maligned even....

B.: We had our own problems. We were pretty bad at our public relations, as most people in Toronto are. So, you know, you get your problems with that, anyway. And then, anybody who could've helped, they never did. I'm not saying that they should have, but there are people who know how to make things work--- they just don't.

We really are stuck in a kind of funny situation in Toronto. So I think even the people here who do know what's happening can't be bothered with it, because when they really do, all they've really got to deal with as a market

is Ontario. Or Canada. Or something like that. There's something that really prevents us from getting access across the border--- and that's the border.

And there's an incredible amount of invention that's gonna have to be done, on top of that. So, you know, yeah, it's hard here.

M.E.: What about the bands themselves, though? The media don't give them too much attention, but then, even within Toronto, they don't seem to go after it a whole lot.

B.: Its because nobody knows about it. Nobody knows how to make things work here. We have a basic problem.... This is pretty long and involved, so I'll probably go on a bit here.

What I've noticed happening, from the experience I've had in the music business here, is that: 'X Number One, we're in Toronto. Which is part of Ontario. Which, in and of itself, is quite a healthy market. You can make a living here; it's not like Montreal, it's not like any other place where there's just no way for bands to make money. Here, you can make money. You can make a living. You can even make records, which you don't make any money off of because you have a very small market. But, as a promotional tool, those records you make take you around the circuit. The same old circuit. And around and around and around you go.

So the first idea of a band coming from Toronto is to break into the scene and start making dough, enough so that you don't have to work at your straight job, you don't have to put up with the regular type of humiliation. Because, as a Torontonians, this is something you're given: the idea that you have the resource of this market. The catch is that chasing it and getting into this market and going around and around and around is something that you have to work at every week. And you never get the chance to step back and take a plane ride somewhere else and try to do some other business, unless, you know, you're smart and you can see beyond, and you don't mind taking the loss of cash. 'Cause you know it takes maybe three weeks pay. You know, you gotta save up three weeks pay to take a plane to England and go do business. So once bands get themselves established, they find it's just as hard work to go around and around and around and make dough every week and live a life. So why Toronto bands lose (and why they never get out of here) is because they aim to start making a living very quickly, off of the

resource that's here. And if they actually succeed, they quit. Or they get stuck and they go around and around and around.... And if you don't actually have a manager...!

Like Teenage Head. Their thing was that they had a manager and he went down to the States, and he took the plane rides and he saved up their money, blah blah blah, did all sorts of stuff for them. But he never got anywhere. And that's just bad luck. But, suppose you don't have a manager, like they don't right now. Now it's just.... they do it for themselves. They do little things. But they're not business-people. They're not equipped to go around the world and set up major record deals and so forth.

M.E.: How did you become embroiled with them?

B.: I met Gord at a basketball game, and I realized that they needed a drummer, so I told him to give me a call, because I play drums. They also knew me from the Mojos, because their old friends who had got tired of going to see their band, had started to come to see the Mojos, in 1981 and '82. So I guess it was at the Dovercourt that I met those guys, cause their friend from Hamilton (Slash Booze) told them "you gotta see these guys." So the drummer (Nick) and Gord-- I've known those guys for a long time-- I met Gord at one of the Tornados games, (I'm a basketball fan, I play basketball, I've played basketball since I was a little kid) he had been downtown and he came to this game (he loves sports, he's a baseball fan) and I met him at half-time, wandering around the hotdog stand, and I said "Hey, man, give me a call." So I guess about a week or two later they were going on a little tour, and they had nobody to drum for them, so I said sure. So they came over and gave me all their albums, and they gave me a couple of rough sets, went over all the material off the records, and Thursday night we went up to play Brockville, and, you know, we went all the way up to Montreal. A short tour one weekend.

M.E.: They changed their name to "The Teenage Heads" and then back again, didn't they?

B.: For just a marketing thing for the United States. They were trying very hard to impress Americans. Americans, especially in places like Ohio, Indiana, and Idaho do not like sexual implications at all, so they thought, okay, we'll market the name as a drug-implication

instead of a sexual implication.... a poor marketing device, which they didn't stay with because they lost their American deal. They didn't need to anymore, so they said, fuck that. They told me all about it one evening. That was a really interesting experience being in Teenage Head.... Yeah, so anyway, that's what happens in Toronto, that's what happens to bands. You get screwed. You get stuck and you go around and around. Actually, some of the cooler things that happened here, the rest of the world never knew about.

M.E.: Is that the fault of the media?

B.: I don't know, because the business here is really bad. As a guy in a record company here will tell you "You better watch it, son. Ontario, it's the meat and potatoes of the Canadian recording industry." And they really believe that-- they're very small-minded people. And if the professionals are working on this tiny-scale assumption, then what are the people who are just starting out in the business supposed to think? It's just a very nasty thing. I know a guy who was a world-class manager, he used to work with BIG acts-- Deep Purple, Emerson Lake & Palmer, and he was big-time. I met him, was going to do some work with him, but never did. But he is a big guy. He was from Windsor, and he decided that he was going to move home, after living in Europe and working with all these major people. Working here, he couldn't get anything done, because he had such a high profile in terms of the world market, that the guys at the little agencies here got a kick out of putting him on hold and fucking him around. They got a big kick, because they only work Ontario, right? You know, "Oh, it's big-time Jim again, we'll put him on hold." You know, it's a thrill! So he had to go back out and do road managing again. He was here for a year and he finally said, fuck this. It's really ridiculous.

M.E.: Also, the small-time types don't want some hotshot coming into their territory and showing them up....

B.: Yeah, exactly! And the unfortunate thing is that you really must go outside Ontario to amount to anything, but I don't think anyone here knows how to creatively leave. You know, I know people from Toronto who pulled everything up, and packed up their houses and sort of sneaked in to the United States, and that doesn't work either, necessarily. I'm just

saying that somebody here soon is going to have to start being a little more creative about what we do. So the business isn't here? Big deal--- one of us artistes is going to have to do something about it. That's what I feel about it, anyway. 'Cause it's a fucking shame, and when there's a fucking shame going on, you just can't lie on your back and go "Waaagh!!" Hee hee. That's a sad fact of life. I know, because I spent 2 years lying on my back and going "Waaagh!"

M.E.: Hee hee hee! Angst!

B.: So I was basically useless for two years after the Mojoes broke up. I was really useless, I sat in my room and watched television. I didn't want to do anything and I didn't want to see anybody. And when I finally got off my ass and did something, the whole downtown scene was gone. It wasn't there anymore!

M.E.: There's no clubs left to speak of....

B.: Yeah, I'm not even who I used to be.... I'm not saying that I should get some respect, but I was really shocked at how little I was remembered by people.

M.E.: I know. The old crowd, it's like they've died or....

B.: Or grown up.

M.E.: Yeah.

B.: It's quite interesting. So, I'm on my way back, you know. But it's gonna be different. I'm gonna try to get out of here, myself. You know, I want to live here, I like it here, but I want to go beyond here, on my own terms. Without having to sell anything to anybody, or pack up my house and sneak into the United States. That's the last thing I want.

M.E.: Apparently, there's quite a market for music in Sweden. I hear two kids in Stockholm made a record of banging on margarine tubs and it sold a million copies.

B.: Aw, gee. Maybe that's where some of us will have to go. Or, hey, Denver, Colorado. They have a huge independent record market. And also, Texas. Really happening places that you don't think of right off the bat.

That's another problem with Toronto. You see, subconsciously, we do realize that we're a world-class city; that we've got a lot of world-class stuff happening here. So we tend to think of the world in terms of: London, New York, Paris....

M.E.:Munich....

B.:and we forget about the culminative market-- we lose sight of what's really going

on in the world. You meet people who think they're really shrewd, but they really don't have their information together.

M.E.: Too true. So, what are your immediate plans? Have you been replaced in Teenage Head?

B.: I guess so, they've done a couple of tours and I imagine they have a drummer; I haven't really been in contact with them.

The main thing I learned from Teenage Head was nothing. I mean, nothing musical. I'm really not as old-fashioned as they are-- they are a product of their time, and they'll always be cool because of that-- but I learned from them not to worry. I mean, just go out and do your thing, make it fun or it doesn't count. They're doing pretty damn good now. They're really nice guys.

Anyway, after the Mojos ended, I really didn't know what to do with myself. The Mojos had been having problems for the last couple of years of its existence-- we could never find a bass-player, we had really high standards of musicianship-- and I wanted the band to change. Because the underground scene was really dying before my eyes. Guys like me and Richard (Carstens), we're probably the last surviving product of that really good underground--- '81, '82, '83--- people who played at the Turning Point and Frankenstein's and the Upper Lip and other nice clubs like that. At least, the last remains of a rock underground, beyond that, I really don't have an opinion. So the whole rock/punk underground was really drying up and it was really dismal. And I found that with the underground in such a sorry state, commercial music gets a little more exciting. Not that I'm saying it's the be-all and end-all, but, well, stuff like Prince was exciting (not that I would ever want to sound like that), or even Springsteen's rock-- here's a guy that doesn't even wear good clothes. And stuff like the Eurhythmics and that....

But anyway, getting back to the Mojos. I wanted to change the band. Play the same songs and the same kind of music, but do something to it-- make the guitars cleaner, make the singing better, pull the guitars back a little bit, make the drums louder, but I really didn't know what I wanted to do. So the last year was really hard, I put a lot of strain on the situation, and eventually Kurt quit and we just played the last few gigs. So I sat around for two years playing basketball and learning to

play guitar. And watching TV. Now, I'm starting all over again, and I'm just going to do myself and my songs (I wrote all the songs from the Mojos, only Miles has a couple of songs, too), I was the 'composer'. It has become evident to me that the only way to get something happening is to record, so I'm taking it really slowly, and I'm recording a four-song product, EP or cassette, and it's sounding pretty good. Songs from my repertoire. The difference now is that, back then, I was sort of a misdirected, angry, young drunken fucking idiot. But now I'm an adult and I know what I'm doing. I have to be a better singer and a songwriter. And I don't want to live up to the old Mojo image, either, because.... well, there are a few old Mojos fans, like Richard, who are always gonna remember.... God! Richard, the first time he saw us!

M.E.: What did he do?

B.: He was, like, ripping his hair out! And I was really drunk, and Richard was squeezing his face and gasping and groaning. I thought, this guy is gonna keel over! Oh, we went to high school together, Richard and I. Jarvis Collegiate. Well, actually, I didn't go to school there. I just hung around outside and smoked cigarettes. Anyway, I could tell Richard was impressed. He could have really freaked-out, I don't remember.

M.E.: And that's what inspired Richard to become a rock legend in his own right?

B.: Well, he had his own bands since he was about 17....

M.E.: Yes, we have pictures.

B.: Really? Well, how be I tell you about my present band. All the guys I'm playing with now are really good friends. You know Brian, who used to be in Youth Youth Youth, Al used to be in Living Proof (which is now defunct), and Mark who used to play bass in Mick Slick. All in all, a great band.

M.E.: That's how Erica Ehm would sum it up....

B.: Erica Ehm? I met her once. I rolled a cigarette for her, as a matter of fact. And she really admired my cigarette-rolling technique.

M.E.: That was very good of her.

B.: Yes, I thought so.

M.E.: Well, we've been talking for five hours. I think we have covered all the bases.

B.: Send me a copy of the magazine when it comes out.

M.E.: 'Bye.

A Guide To Christmas Toys For Children

Once again the Yuletide season is upon us. This year there are many exciting toys on the market for youngsters. One of the best has to be the new electronically-simulated combat game, Photon. The players each get a "laser" gun and strap-on sensors to indicate "hits". In the more elaborate playsets sensor helmets are included. Beams of light from the "lasers" cause the sensors to signal a hit. This is a very educational game in that it teaches kids the importance of hitting a vital area (such as the head or mid-chest) when engaged in small-arms combat. Also, it helps drive home the old Marine Corps maxim: "Shoot him three times, shoot him dead. Twice in the chest, then once in the head." It is vital that kids learn these basic lessons when they're young so that they're ready when the time comes. However, I have found that a few minor modifications to the basic Photon gear make it more realistic and educational. And more fun!

All you have to do is attach a cattle-prod transformer to the strap-on belt. Then, connect the hit-verifier to the transformer through a simple electronic intensity switch (available at Radio Shack and specialty hardware stores). With a bit of experiment and tinkering, you have a truly exciting and realistic combat simulator. By attaching electrodes from the cattle-prod transformer to the player's abdomen, you add that vital touch of realism. It works like this: after the first hit, the player begins to receive a mild intermittent electric shock. This simulates a non-lethal wound. The player can decide to either play through the pain, or to "succumb". After the second hit, the electric shock intensifies, signalling a serious injury. After the third hit, the transformer delivers an incapacitating shock, briefly stunning the player. In this way, kids get fun and exercise and also learn fundamental combat skills.

This year there are also a lot of great military action figures on the market, with realistic weaponry and equipment. The Rambo Series is just one of these. But some of the lower-priced sets on the market are every bit as authentic. Here's what a good set should include: tanks, anti-tank missiles, mortars, howitzers, jeeps, assault helicopters, medivac

helicopters, fighter planes and fighter-bombers as well as strategic heavy bombers (B-52's), anti-aircraft missiles and artillery, spare small arms and ammunition, and lots of combat figures. This is only the bare essentials, you can add frills like land mines and barbed-wire entanglement-barricades if you wish. For added fun, you can mix up a batch of "kiddie napalm" with moth-balls and any inflammable petroleum product (aviation fuel works best). This will give the kids the exciting option of burning out entire enemy positions at once, and the slight danger posed by the flames will teach them a healthy respect for volatile area-weapons.

When buying military action figures, many parents make the mistake of not including any civilian figures. This is a real shame, as civilians add an intriguing dimension to war simulation play. Be sure to buy civilians that are roughly the same scale as the combat figures. "Heart Families" or Barbies and Kens make great civilians. And they make for great educational play, too. When your kids are staging an air-raid on enemy cities, they will quickly learn to knock out not only the factories, but also the houses of factory workers. And the kids can also take out the hospitals and suburbs, as a lesson in the art of psychological warfare. They will learn that there is no such thing as an innocent enemy civilian. More importantly, they will learn that any action that diminishes the enemy's will or ability to continue fighting is valid and valuable.

And when the kids overrun enemy territory, think of the fun they can have with the enemy civilians! The male figures can be sent to internment camps. A few prominent citizens could even be shot as a reprisal and as a warning to the others. And as for the female enemy civilians? Well! Their fate is the obvious one. This may seem rather cruel, but it teaches kids the facts of life. Also, kids learn a salient sociological lesson from the simulation of intercourse-without-consent: in any war, there is a considerable flow of genes from the victors to the vanquished. Indeed, may be actually beneficial to the conquered race in the long term, in that their weaker gene pool receives an infusion of more dominant traits.

Merry Christmas!

The Beast with Something to Sell



MUTE ELATION T-SHIRTS

"Life without Mute Elation
T-shirts would be a descent
into barbarism."

--- Pat Braun.

Dreams have no limit.

Mute Elation T-shirts. Just for the
excitement. The freedom. No true
Elationist can afford to be without one.
Share the fantasy.

Available wherever you find Mute Elation.

A NEON ROME

(Christ or heroin or civilization?)

A Neon Rome-- a band of many parts. They are Toronto's night creatures. Charming, caustic, clever, narcotic and cruel. In an exclusive interview for Elation, Toronto rock'n'roller Richard Carstens finds out who these men are and what drives them on.

A Neon Rome-- The Interview

Neal-- Vocals

Kevin-- Guitar

Bernard-- Keyboards

John-- Bass

Kenny-- Drums

Mute Elation: Where did the band start?

Neal: Me and Kevin were doin' uh peyote in Mexico uh and like it's funny we were like the only two Toronto people in uh Mexico.

M.E.: This was you and Kenny?

Neal: No! I said Kevin. Kenny was the last to join the band.

Kevin: Tell him what happened.

Neal: Me and Kevin were eating peyote and we got some motorcycles and headed back to T.O. with the idea of forming a band. Then we went to this A&P store and we were ripping it off for some food and we met Johnny and stuff 'cause he caught us.

M.E.: Ha Ha Ha! The bass player caught you?!!

Neal: He's the surfer.

Kevin: He doesn't surf anymore, you can't surf in Toronto but that's all John wants. It's true.

Neal: So anyways he got us acid and stuff and I'd never done acid before and like John got us into surfing and acid and stuff.

M.E.: That's better than surfing on junk.

Neal: And then we were coming up to T.O. and uh were coming through Maine, staying in the wilderness, I forget why, there was really no cash though. We met Bernard in one of the few swamps in Maine, he was like growing his own mushrooms there and getting into his own sort of pseudo-religion about mushrooms and the worship of them and stuff like that. (laughter)

M.E.: So he was in Maine but you just

picked him up and took him with you.

Neal: Yeah he had like no idea how to play keyboards.

Kevin: It's funny 'cause no one knows where Ken's from.

Neal: Yeah all we know about Ken; before he joined the band he was living way up North involved in some kind of illegal broadcasting. I don't know what he was broadcasting.

M.E.: Okay so what was the first Neon Rome gig?

Neal: At the Bev I guess. 84? 83? 84.

M.E.: Elvis Mondays?

Neal: Elvis Mondays yeah.

M.E.: What was your relationship with Chris Houston?

Neal: He hated our guts and threatened to beat me up once.

M.E.: Oh that's a riot. So he figured this was one guy he could do in. Why didn't he go after the biggest guy?

Kevin: He hated us but we niced him out so he couldn't hate us and that just bugged him more.... Actually we hated him out.

M.E.: What about Mike Dent, wasn't he your manager for a while or something?

Kevin: Never! That's untrue, that's actually the truth that that's untrue too!

(Kenny walks in.)

Neal: Hey Kenny you just walked into an interview here that we're doing.

Kevin: Yeah what kind of illegal broadcasting were you doing anyway?

Neal: Yeah remember when the RCMP were chasing you down for those illegal broadcasts?

Ken: Oh. I don't want to talk about that.

(So Johnny walks in.)

Neal: John! We told him how we met you in California in that A&P and your surfin'.

M.E.: So this is all true then? GREAT.

Neal: Yeah you surfin' dude. Tee hee.

Kevin: They wanna know the real story of this little band.

M.E.: So you've been together for about two years and eight months?

Neal: No.

Kevin: Less.

Neal: How long have we all been together with Kenny?

M.E.: Forget Kenny. When did you first use the name "Neon Rome"?

John: Two years ago.

Neal: But Kenny was there though.

John: Yeah Kenny was there.

Neal: From the beginning but then he had to leave to like hide from the police but he uh surfaced but then he had to go under again so we like had to play with another drummer for the longest time.

M.E.: So have you done any recordings?

Kevin: We don't record; no, we used to record live shows.

M.E.: Got any tapes or anything?

Neal: Johnny, tell him the recorded history of the band.

John: Well we've got this recording we did last summer and we're hopefully going to be putting it on vinyl.

M.E.: 8-track or 16-track?

John: No, 24-track.

M.E.: 24? Great, where'd you do it?

John: Comfort Sound....

M.E.: So there could be vinyl from Neon Rome soon!

John: Yeah....

Neal: There could be....

John: We've been trying to get it pressed for a while....

M.E.: Where's your money coming from? Did you pay for it yourself or is there someone backing you?

Neal: No like it's uh the drug trade that is like we all uh sort of worked for a pharmaceutical company.

John: Lots of overtime....

M.E.: Okay. What's the average age in the band?

Neal: The average age? Mmmmm....

Kevin: 21 is the average age.

John: About 21....

Kenny: Neal brings it up a bit....

Neal: (Indecipherable objections.)

M.E.: How old are you Neal?

Kevin: Neal's actually 38.

Ken: I'm 18 and Neal's 25.

John: Bernard's only 11.

Kevin: Bernard acts like he's six, nyaah nyaah, Bernard! (etc.)

John: Bernard's mind hasn't progressed since he was 11 or at least since he started smoking drugs.

M.E.: Okay, okay. What about your influences?

Neal: Brian Jones.

M.E.: Like the Stones?

Neal: Yum, es; er, um yes. Like when we first met him and had like really deep discussions....

Smart bombs are an effective means of mass destruction.

John: Keeping in mind that Neal is 38....

Kevin: I like Franz Lizst.

Neal: Franz Lizst.

M.E.: How about bands? Are there any bands you like?

Neal: I'm really influenced by Hendrix.

Kenny: Zeppelin.

Everybody: Yeah, Hendrix, Zeppelin....

John: Pretty well everything.

M.E.: How about The Stooges?

John: Of course you fool!

M.E.: Okay, then, what do you think you sound like compared to all those guys?

Neal: Demonic Bay City Rollers. Demonic is like, Pop; or is it, you know....

M.E.: You gotta keep in mind I never have heard you.

John: You never heard us! Why the fuck do you want to interview us then?!

Kevin: We sound like Saturday morning cartoons at 12 Friday night. Demonic, demonic Pop.

M.E.: Okay, who writes all the tunes?

John: It's a group effort; Neil writes all his own lyrics.

M.E.: (To Neal) So you write the words.

John: But we give him the ideas.

Neal: Get out!

John: And then I write them down for him. When he turned 30 he stopped writing.

M.E.: Who gets all the girls?

Neal: Me! Me!

John: He takes care of the whole load.

Neal: Better not tell Elsie....

John: Actually Kenny does but Neal tells more. (laughter)

Neal: Yeah I'm the loudest but Kenny actually gets the most.

M.E.: Well what's the future then. Have you got any plans for out-of-town gigs?

Kevin: Not right now. We've done some.

M.E.: So the next one's in February! Ha ha!

Kenny: Yeah, next year! (laughter)

M.E.: How about out-of-town gigs in London or Montreal or something?

John: None upcoming. We've played Kitchener and London.

M.E.: What do you think of the Toronto rooms that you play?

John: Poor....

Neal: Fair to Poor. Larry's has the best sound and a nice stage but the audience....

I don't think....

John: Toronto audiences aren't enthusiastic compared to London.

Kevin: They don't clap here.

M.E.: London's a good college town.

John: Hamilton's the worst.

Kevin: Hamilton's insane.

M.E.: They drink alot there.

John: London's the best as far as response goes.

M.E.: What's your favourite local band?

Everybody: US!! We are!!

M.E.: Oh, come on.

Kevin: Oh you mean besides us?

Neal: Our favourite local band is The New York Dolls, ha ha ha.

John: Change Of Heart.

Neal: No! No! Not Change Of Heart!!

Kenny: Cowboy Junkies, Groovy, maybe....

Martha and the Muffins!!

Neal: I used to like the Viletones.

M.E.: What do you think of some of the hardcore bands?

Kevin: I like a lot of the hardcore bands--like WAS IS LOS.

M.E.: Michael left them, temporarily at least....

Kevin: Oh yeah? Well! Nonono.... My favourite local band is The Young Lions.

M.E.: Young Lions?! Yeah, right. So, you've got their album?

Kevin: Well, I got it on tape.

Neal: AAAARGH!!!! Help meee!

M.E.: 'Bye.

New Worries

Is Hitler alive in the future?



NAZI dictator Adolf Hitler's death may have been faked in a Berlin bunker so that he could escape to the future in an incredible time machine developed by his scientists.

EVEN in pre-war Germany, Hitler was planning the domination of the world — not only then, but in the future!

...ARE YOU
GOING TO BELIEVE
ME, OR SOME
RABBLE-ROUSING
UNDERGROUND
RAG?



PSYCHIC TV-- Diamond Club, August 11

Genesis Porridge has inflicted a lot of pain on a lot of innocent ears. First, he did it with his "industrial" band, Throbbing Gristle. Remember them? Sure you do. They were experimental, you know. Who could forget such experiments as "United", a one-note "song" which featured Porridge's thin, metallic voice reciting lyrics about, well, nothing at all? This was in those "halcyon post-punk" days of 1978, when nothing at all was something to aspire to. So maybe Porridge wasn't so bad; he was merely experiencing the futility of existence, that's all.

Now of course he's changed all that, in keeping with the times. He's positive. He's into good vibes, man. And from this reservoir of wholesomeness gushes Psychic TV, Porridge's latest band. Now, Psychic TV are not just a band; they're also practitioners of something called sexual terrorism.

What is that, you ask? Well, according to Porridge, it is the art of thinking at someone, thereby causing him or her to go into a frenzy of sexual abandon. Merely being in the same room as Porridge can give you an erection. He claims that this has resulted in countless scenes of iniquity at his shows back in England. No one is exempt; all join in the revelry.

But nothing of the kind happened at Psychic TV's show at the Diamond, thank god. We Canadians don't like terrorism, sexual or not, and we'll be damned if we'll put up with this sort of nonsense from anyone.

The audience-- droves of punks and other unsavoury types-- did put up with Psychic TV's music, though. In fact, they loved it, especially when Porridge led the band through a few impromptu bars of "Sympathy for the Devil". Oh, what joy to hear a Stones song played by someone who saw them way back in the Sixties. Logically, he should have followed this up with his hit about Brian Jones. He didn't, to his credit: who says a performer has to play his popular stuff, when he may not feel like it?

He did start the set with a percussive, African-influenced number that got the audience hopping about. If the rest of

the show had been like this it would have been a good one. But no, the band followed this up with a bevy of songs with conventional rhythms. Maybe it was the sound at the Diamond, maybe not, but Psychic TV's set resembled nothing so much as diluted punk.

Still, the people in the audience enjoyed the night. And why not? They did, after all, pay \$16 for the privilege of hearing music in an echoey club, buying over-priced drinks and watching test patterns on a wall of TV monitors. (The "pattern" was a skull, how original.) Oh, musn't forget the psychedelic oil images, either.



Genesis Porridge.



Yes, they were ready for anything. They applauded-- and even danced to-- the music of the terribly sincere opening band, whose name escapes me, mercifully. This lot comprised two skinheads, who pounded away on kettle drums and did odd things with handsaws, and a girl who occasionally pressed her palms to a keyboard while wailing lyrics bemoaning the inhumanity and, ultimately the existence of man. Truly sickening. They made me want to retch, so I did.

The choice of this band to open the show was obviously a practical joke. It backfired, at least from my point of view; it ruined my mood for the night. I might have been able to tolerate Psychic TV's set, were it not for this rubbish. Listening to them was like having your genitals slowly gnawed by rodents. That is what sexual terrorism is.

Ian Hunter by Richard Carstens.

Ian Hunter is probably best remembered in Toronto (and most of North America) by his hits "Just Another Night" and "Cleveland Rocks". While they never rocketed him forth into stardom, they did receive heavy FM airplay and still get a spin between the standard Genesis to Springsteen rotation. Most Ian Hunter fans in Canada probably heard these tunes first and then were exposed to his more introspective side. Consequently it's not surprising that his association with Bowie and Mott the Hoople is remembered more readily by British fans.

In 1972 Mott the Hoople was a little-known Brit rock band on the verge of dissolution due to lack of money and popularity. Along came David Bowie who said "Don't break up, I like you guys, I'll write a hit song and produce your next record." Abracadabra POOF. Along comes hit single "All The Young Dudes" with an accompanying album and Mott the Hoople are at the top of the charts.

That's Britain for ya. But over here Mott the Hoople didn't do so well and Ian Hunter bailed out to go solo early in '75.

His first album, "Ian Hunter", didn't sell but it gave Mott fans something to cheer about. Compared to solo albums by other "guys that made albums without the band that made 'em famous", this one really stacked-up favourably. Albums by Roxy's Brian Ferry all sounded like cute little footnotes to Ferry's image, Rod Stewart never regained any of the fire that had burned with Jeff Beck and Ronnie Wood, and Roger Daltrey's solo efforts were truly embarrassing.

Ian Hunter on the other hand made people wonder why he'd stayed with Mott the Hoople for so long. For once, he had a collection of solid songs (and it didn't hurt that he had teamed-up with ex-Bowie sideman Mick Ronson. With Ronson playing his usual Anglo-Flash guitar and helping along production, this album flowed like no Mott album had.

With the next two LP's his popularity grew and when Ian Hunter toured with Mick Ronson in 1980, boy oh boy did the audiences see a great show. Next thing you know he's got hits in America for the first time.

Then the output stopped and so did the touring, and Mick Ronson was producing big records and what the hell happened to Ian Hunter? The answer appeared early this fall at Rock'n'Roll

Heaven, and he really should have stayed at home.

Teaming up with British expatriate Roy Young and band, this was Hunter's first Toronto appearance in more than five years. It opened with a pudgy bearded Young and his young band running through really tired versions of Brit pub rock and blues standards done up à-la Morgan Davis, Colin Linden any old night with Cameo Blues-- really flat. Young's piano playing was even sloppier than his monotonic Pat Boone "rock" vocals. The band all had the Duran haircuts and did the synchronized head movements (keeping the neck stationary while jutting out chin, don't forget the obligatory Elton John facial expressions). The 50% wimp audience (at least!) loved it 'cause it was a Q-107 freebie and they were all used to partying to superficial garbage like this. Your agent had paid 12 bucks and was hoping for the star to come out and really level these idiots. An episode comes to mind when Morgan Davis was cheered wildly by so-called blues fans waiting for Albert King; King's band hit the stage--- keyboards, bass, and drums--- and Mr. Davis was completely forgotten before the guitarist ever appeared.

The excitement was building between sets, but the roadies weren't breaking down Roy Young's gear. What's going on?!?! Oh well, they're probably using the same drum-kit and maybe an amp or two, relax, have a beer, maybe Mick Ronson will appear tonight by surprise. After all, for 12 bucks....

Went off for a beer, and heard the big cheer--- he was on--- racing to stageside one could here the opening chords to "Once Bitten Twice Shy", one of Hunter's greatest songs. This is going to be great!!

Arriving beside the stage it suddenly hits you like a wave of food-poisoning. There's Ian Hunter looking small but healthy and THERE IS ROY YOUNG'S HORRIBLE BAND!! The evening went slowly, the audience loved it, they didn't know what they were missing, Ian Hunter ran through some of his greatest songs like "Lounge Lizard" "Marionette", "All The Way From Memphis"....

Your agent soured as bad solo and juvenile bass runs were coupled with unsteady drums and lounge act saxophone. Hunter himself didn't even get it up, seemingly as if he knew to what depths he had plunged.

The audience.... loved it....

LOU REED-- Kingswood, August 2.

Uncle Lou comes for another visit. This time he's got a brand-new band and a record out that actually sells. And about time. This "Grand-daddy of Punk" has been ignored by the public for far too long.

He played for about an hour and a half, concentrating on material from his last four LPs. This may not seem like such a bright idea, since Lou Reed freaks tend to feel ripped-off if they don't get a healthy helping of vintage stuff, but it actually turned out better than if he had pandered to them.

See, Lou's found out about the video revolution. This makes his records, particularly the new ones, sell. Because of this, alot of people went to this concert hoping to hear newer stuff. Lou gave it to them.

This time around, Lou was the only guitarist on stage, which meant that we finally got to hear just how well he can play. He plays great. Although his style is still jagged, it's also more refined than it used to be, and it added more balls to the band's already burning performance. Also, it's now easy to tell that Lou was more responsible for the Velvet Underground's distinctive sound than people thought; it was his manic guitar stylings, not just John Cale's viola, that made the Velvets what they were. This was especially noticeable in "The Original Wrapper", which was the show's centrepiece. Here the band ripped into some pyrotechnics, with Lou's guitar dominating. It was easily as aggressive as "Sister Ray", though more melodic.

The audience loved this show, and many of them danced right through it, contrary to what Peter Goddard reported in the Toronto Star. But then, Goddard's main bitch was that Lou isn't a junkie anymore, as if not being fucked-up on something is some sort of heinous crime. Do you really need to take the opinion of someone who gets a vicarious thrill from watching other people ruin their lives? Of course you don't! So send your nasty letters

and death-threats to Peter Goddard c/o The Toronto Star, One Yonge Street, Toronto M5E 1E6. He just loves that kind of stuff, so don't disappoint him.

Dream Syndicate-- RPM, September 9.

When I first heard The Dream Syndicate's debut album, The Days of Wine and Roses, I thought, what a great record, these guys must be brilliant live. They were okay, but nothing worth dying for. Then I heard Out of the Grey, their latest album. I thought, well, this is just real good, but they're gonna be mellow as hell in concert. So I was wrong again. So shoot me.

Dream Syndicate are bloody amazing. They play rock'n'roll without any pissing around. You want some kind of pseudo-psychedelic mystique? Forget it, you won't find it here. These guys left the "paisley underground" a long time ago.

They started off with "Out of the Grey", and proceeded to play a taut, energetic set. There wasn't a hint of bullshit to it. When the songs are strong you don't have to resort to quasi-virtuosity or haranguing the audience to dance, and these guys didn't. Mind you, no one really danced until later on in the set (the fools!), about which singer/guitarist Steve Wynn expressed some disappointment. But hey, even our hyperactive Toronto audiences (yeah, right) gotta take a rest sometime.

The band played lots of songs from all three of their albums, with emphasis, of course, on Out of the Grey. That LP sounds great live, since the songs are so well structured to begin with. And it ain't so mellow after all; it's just that anything would seem that way after the first album, which is bound to sound more raw than the ones that follow.

Dream Syndicate do sound perhaps a wee bit more conventional these days, which is probably because to of the original members, guitarist Karl Precoda and bassist Kendra Smith, left the band. They've been replaced by Paul B. Cutler on guitar and Mark Walton on bass. So, they may have lost some noise appeal, but they've made up for it by having a much tighter band. Hey,

these guys kick ass. They don't dress funny. People like them. More importantly, I like them. So see this band and buy their records at the earliest opportunity. They could be rock'n'roll gods soon. That's not very likely to come true, of course, but don't say we didn't warn you if it does.



Dream Syndicate's Mark Walton.

The Ikons Completely safe for children and pets.

Yes, guess who's still madly in love with the Violent Femmes. Happily, The Ikons manage to genuflect to their idols without imitating them. At least not too blatantly. The Ikons are a formidable crew, and their songs have a wry sense of the ironic. Also, you can dance to the stuff. Admittedly, the flint-eyed delivery can be a bit off-putting initially, but hey, this is cool stuff these guys play, so they may as well act the part. And I'd rather watch a laconic, professional outfit like this than a bunch of gregarious goofballs who play like high school kids. (Editor's Note: I'm sure he isn't referring to the Zipper. Ha.)

First came the seen, then thus the palpable
Elysium, though it were in the halls of hell,
What thou lovest well is thy true heritage
What thou lovest well shall not be reft from thee.

-- Ezra Pound

Album Review:

Dream Syndicate-- "Out of the Grey"

Dream Syndicate is one of the better bands to come out in the last few years. They've got everything a good rock'n'roll band should: talent, spirit, and a record contract. So it should come as no surprise that they want success.

"Out of the Grey" should give it to them. It's a nice collection of songs that reveals the rootsy, traditional side of the band. There's hardly any feedback here, but there are plenty of basic riffs and lucid lyrics. The band plays well, and the production is just spare enough to keep a raw sound, just soft enough to get the record some airplay.

The cover, however, stinks. If Steve Wynn doesn't want to be thought of as part of a 60's revival, he shouldn't put groovy distorted photos on the front cover. That is all.

* * * * *

Q: What's 17 feet long, eats rats and sings "Blue Jean"?

A: David Boa.

* * * * *

HANDY HINT:

Got a pair of badly scuffed boots? A coat of spray-on rust paint will give them a new finish. Not for docs.

* * * * *

Beauty Tips:

Girls! Want longer, thicker lashes? Use a longer, thicker whip.

* * * * *

Coming soon from Komet Publications!

The Best of Moron's Corner

Don't miss it!

* * * * *

Tod und Verklärung.... sang humain.... Death and Transfiguration.... a resonance.... medical students don't take benzedrine....what price the Empire.... hail Carstens....

KEEP CANADA STRONG.

Kill Old Folks

Cautious cops approached a suspicious package left outside a savings and loan, set off an explosive charge — and blew a litter of kittens inside the box to smithereens!

O-din (ó'din) n. Norse mythology: the chief deity and god of wisdom, culture, war, and the dead, corresponding to the Anglo-Saxon god Woden.

What Would Odin Do? (A Quiz.)

To help fledgling Odinists along the path to strength, we offer this short quiz. It will tell you where you stand in Odin's scheme of things, and it will fortify you, help you get rid of those nagging little weaknesses that are holdovers from your christian upbringing. All you have to do is answer the questions as you think Odin would.

1] If a man on the street was to accost you, begging you for money for some christian charity, would you:

- A) Give him money.
- B) Say, "No, I'm sorry, I don't have any."
- C) Ignore him.
- D) Shoot him.

2] You're at a family reunion given by your aunt. You discover that one of your cousins is now a priest, and he is in the corner talking about his religion. Do you:

- A) Approach him to discuss comparative religion
- B) Feel angry, but not enough to do violence.
- C) Ask your aunt to kindly eject this degenerate.

D) Drag him out to where your aunt keeps the killer attack dogs and suspend him from the fence, just within their reach.

3] War has just been declared. Do you:

- A) Hide.
- B) Maim yourself, hoping the army will reject you.

C) Join a protest group.

D) Sign up for bomber duty.

4] It's a rainy day and you have nothing to do. Do you:

- A) Watch TV.
- B) Read.
- C) Sleep.

D) Convert your AR-15 to full-auto.

Answers: 1:D, 2:D, 3:D, 4:D.

If you answer four out of four correctly, don't worry, Odin is with you. If three, you are almost there, but not quite. Try to be just a little bit more brutal. If two, you are in grave danger. You can go either way. You may be slipping into the mirky quagmire of mono-theism. This does not bode well. If you only answer one correctly you are worthless and weak and little can save you now, except a supreme effort. If you answered none correctly, you are a weakling who must be destroyed. You are diseased.

moron's corner™

GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!

Packed with humor and charm

A classic.



Is it straight?

God's not just

Miss Holiday Inn



... and
that's just the way she wanted it!

Touching end to world's strangest love story



**Dream girl
swallows 8
little boys**

"I don't know how I did
it," said Cindy Dunlop.



CURTISS P-40 TOMAHAWK



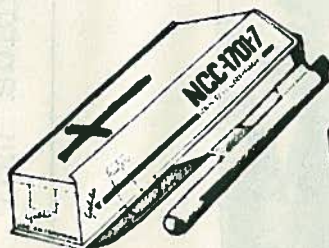
TYPE 3 FIGHTER HIEN

**What Is
a Shiite?**

**Reagan reveals
biggest mistake**



GRUMMAN F6F HELLCAT



Man of Destiny



**ANN
LANDERS**

syndicated columnist



THE SCUM OF THE EARTH.



Brian often uses Mila

U.I.C

OUR GARAGE



Even as we speak, UIC is putting the final touches on their new video, or feature-length film as it may be. This should catapult them into superstardom. Well you never know. If a video, and album, and a review in this mag won't do it, well, what would?



contact u.i.c at
13 grenadier rd.
toronto canada m6r 1r1

Hack, Dave, Ted, Fred, Hound.

Hey, Buddy! Well anyway, Toronto's fave garage-hounds have put out an LP. And boy, is it garage. How does it sound? Rough and ready and pretty rambunctious. Like their live performances, this album is high-energy. But is it hyperrockmetapunk? Well, it's as close as yer likely to get.

It's on the Fringe Product label, and it was produced by Michael (Edward) Jackson. But luckily the process of being produced and recorded has somehow left UIC's frayed-edge appeal intact. They still sound like a bunch of characters that you would go to see in a club, get drunk listening to and dance your brains out. Dave (Smokin') Robinson's vocals retain the taut, ricocheting quality, with plenty of "Waaagh!" thrown in for good measure. As for the guitars of Ted and Fred, what more can be said. If you play it too loud, your ears will go dead. Play it in your garage, or out in the shed. And the bassy bass of Hackin' Hack Preszcator is sure to do your woofers in if you don't watch it. Fortunately, my speakers have breaker-switches.

Oh, yeah, and that drummer, that Houndog Murray fellow. Gosh, how well he drums. You could write pages about his drumming. You know, it's always the drummer who has to keep a level head; and Hound' provides that vital rhythm to hold the insane UIC sound together. Well done, Hound'. Your Uncle Eldy would be proud.

There are ten original songs and one cover on this disc, and the songs range from the socio-political to good-natured drunken marauding. The tune "Crop Dusting" celebrates the time-honoured rural Ontario tradition of getting very drunk and stoned while speeding furiously down gravel roads, crashing into things and running over people. Or "Shamrock Bang" a song about getting drunk and wrecking a bar and everyone in it. Damn hooligans.

Of course, songs like "All Together Now" and "Nashville Dreamin" illustrate an innocence of spirit which is surprising from this bunch, but appealing nonetheless. And songs like "Blood" and "Cure The War" point up an incisive social conscience. One minute they're drunken layabouts, and the next they're social reformers. Now, there's a paradox. Oh well.



kiddie korner

Feed your child a varied diet.

"Here, honey, a nice fried mouse."



The best way to torture a tick is to pluck off its front legs. Why? According to experts, ticks smell with the legs and have a hard time finding blood to feed on when they're missing.

*Gays to take
over and paint
the town pink*

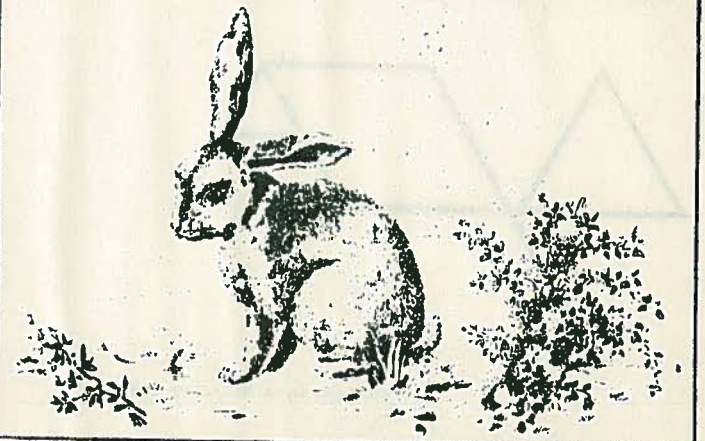
Kid builds A-bomb

NIGHTMARE

A mischievous 3-year-old boy woke up his sleeping parents — by setting fire to their bed.

"Dogs are treated better than they treated us," said a former patient, Maya Battachargi.

Wartime Memories
The Luftwaffe had killed a rabbit in a raid on the north of Scotland in the Autumn of 1939.



Poetry

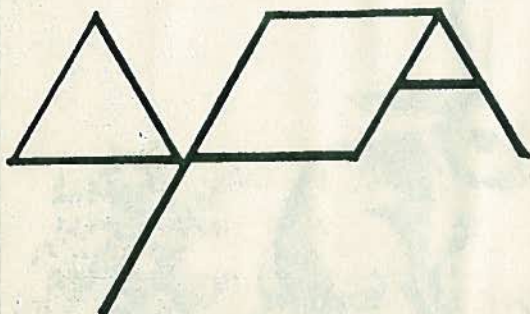
Elation is honoured to present in this issue two poems by one of Canada's most acclaimed young writers, Lyca McGreevy. Lyca's work will no doubt gain even further recognition in the coming years.

THE SCREAM

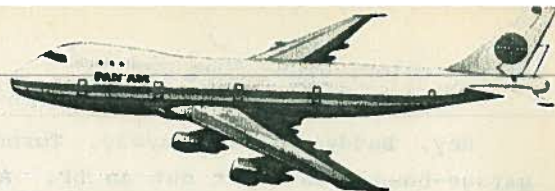
SPIRITS
RISING
THE REASON UNKNOWN
SEEN ONLY BY THE VICTIM
SPIRITS
HAUNTED
TERMINATION OF LIVES
TURMOIL OF THE MIND
SPIRITS
FLYING
ILLUSIONS OF THE DEAD
SEEK OUT ETERNAL FEAR
SPIRITS
CREEPING
STRIVING ON SURPRISE
RETURN FOR THE SCREAM.

WALLS OR BRIDGES?

Teardrops fall
Onto a very lonely place
Where everyone is a stranger
Building walls instead of bridges
Attitudes turn the warm teardrops to ice
It's a long way to the blue skies
That place seems worlds away from here
Where the teardrops fall.



copyright Lyca McGreevy 1986.



LITERATURE

The Cornelius Chronicles II

by Michael Moorcock. (Avon Books)

The compilation of the latter half of the the Jerry Cornelius stories, this book is a must for all fans of Moorcock's needle-gun-toting rock'n'roller. While the action here is based in the 70's, once again Cornelius finds himself in all sorts of alternate times and realities. The heinous Bishop Beesley is back, once again futzing with the spacetime continuum and generally being a pain in the arse. Old friends Catherine and Una are still around, and there is even a cameo appearance by the dreaded Mötörhead (Lemmy of which is a real-life acquaintance of Moorcock.) This book has it all. Sex, snappy torture interludes, drugs, what more could you ask for.

The 1986 Annual World's Best SF

edited by Donald A. Wollheim. (Daw Books)

A pleasing and valuable anthology, this book features stories by Harlan Ellison, C.J. Cherryh, and Frederik Pohl, to name but a few. The stories here are definitely world-class. For example, we have "The Gods of Mars", a rousing yarn by Gardner Dozois, Jack Dann, and Michael Stanwick in which a NASA mission to Mars becomes a trek to 'Barsoom' instead (Edgar Rice Burroughs fans take note!). And then we have "The Curse of Kings" by Connie Willis, a poignant tale of alien greed and tainted love. Frederik Pohl's "Perni and Frost" paints a grim picture of the world destroyed by a nuclear war. Harlan Ellison's "With Virgil Oddum At The East Pole" paints a grim picture of how far Ellison has slipped. Someone, restrain him!

But perhaps the best story here is Bob Silverberg's "Sailing To Byzantium". This story poses the mind-ripping question: what does a mere mortal do when he falls in love with a goddess? (Jump off a cliff?)

* * * * *

Here's a little game; see if you can figure it out. Think of something inconceivable.

* * * * *

LITERATURE

We at Mute Elation are pleased to take this opportunity now to give you a glimpse at the mind of one of Canada's greatest writers, John Pr  deaux. This talented author has seen many books published, to critical acclaim. But, alas, he has yet to achieve the much-sought public recognition he so richly deserves.

So here we give him the chance to air his views, vent his spleen and, hopefully, provide some insight into a true literary genius.

The following interview took place in Pr  deaux's apartment on a chilly December night in Toronto. Pr  deaux was relaxed yet somewhat wary, slugging down gulps of Scotch.

Mute Elation: We'll try a few simple questions to start off with. How old are you?

Pr  deaux: I'm sorry, I can't answer that.

M.E.: Where were you born?

P.: Toronto.

M.E.: How many novels have you written so far?

P.: Quite a few; I've seen many published.

M.E.: Your last novel was about Vietnam. Was it based on experience?

P.: Yes, all my books are. Then again, maybe not. You know, 'Nam was sort of a big deal. After that, I don't know what. When I think that I lived through that whole era, and how much I actually got out of it, well, it makes me wonder....

M.E.: You seem to dwell alot on the horror of Vietnam....

P.: Well, it was the horror, the horror of 'Nam that made it what it was. Face it, I mean, everyone likes a good horror story, and I'm no different. I just thank God I've lived long enough to write about it. Pretty tastefully, too, I might add; you won't catch me writing "Rambo" or any of that drek. Uh.... excuse me while I get some more Scotch.... Here, have some. It's really good.

M.E.: Thank you. You seem to drink alot of it.

P.: Yeah, well, I'll thank you to keep your observations to yourself. Who the hell are you to come in here and preach to me about morality anyway? I'm the genius here, not you. You bloody people make me mad. So what if I never fought in 'Nam? So what if I was only five at the time? Mine is the superior morality. You are as dust before me!

M.E.: Uh, sorry. So, who influenced you?

P.: (taking a big gulp of Scotch) Shelley. Shelley speaks to me as no other poet could. Sometimes I'll be sitting there, just doing nothing, and it's like I actually hear Shelley's voice, speaking to me, urging me to do even greater things than I've done before. I swear this is all true. Ah, excuse me while I crush this centipede. There, that's better. Bloody things are all over the place. Ah, look, there's a big one scampering up your leg.

M.E.: Ahhh!

P.: Don't move. There, I got him. They can really give you a nasty bite. You look shaken. Here, have more Scotch while I go to the can.

(A ten minute wait ensues.)

P.: Oh, you're still here.... uh, have you had anything to drink yet?

M.E.: Yes, thank you. Now let's get back to your Vietnam fixation for a moment....

P.: Wha...? Oh, that. I don't wanna hear about that.... it's just too depressing. Let's go get some pizza. I'm starving.

(We go to the Pizza-Pizza around the corner from Pr  deaux's apartment. He ordered a slice, took one bite and passed out. So there you have a portrait of a true innovator.)

* * * * *

"Nature is cruel, we must be cruel also."

-- Nietzsche

* * * * *

"Blame not the conqueror; the weak enslave themselves."

-- Attila

* * * * *

"They will come no more, the old men with the beautiful manners."

-- Ezra Pound

* * * * *

obsessive \ab-'tes-iv, -ab- adj (1901) 1 a: tending to cause obsession b: excessive often to an unreasonable degree 2: of, relating to, or characterized by obsession: deriving from obsession — obsessive n

**CIRCUMCISION—
IT'S A SCANDAL**



**TERRORISTS
CAN USE A RUNNING
SHOE WITH AN INNER
SOLE MADE OF PLASTIC
EXPLOSIVE WITH A
DETONATING CORD AS
A LACE**

ERICA EHM

Ehm-TV

Erica Ehm-- MuchMusic veejay, critic, and self-styled Queen of the Cossacks. Recently, our band of investigators caught up with the wide-eyed Ms. Ehm at a local nightclub. There she was, sloshing back lime shandy and taking token drags on an ultralight menthol cigarette. She eagerly agreed to an interview for Mute Elation:

M.E. So, where are you from originally?

Ehm: Montreal.

M.E.: Um, you'll have to speak up; I'm kinda deaf in my left ear. So, don't you have a communications degree or something like that?

Ehm: (screaming into my right ear) YES!

M.E.: Ow! Damn it!

Ehm: Hee-hee!

M.E.: Ha, ha. So, what do you think of this MuchMusic routine?

Ehm: It's a wonderful opportunity, and invaluable experience. You really develop concentration; and you learn to think on your feet. It really helps your communication reflexes.

M.E.: What would you like to do after MuchMusic? Write for Rolling Stone?

Ehm: Ha ha! Heck, no! I'd start my own Rolling Stone! Actually, I have written a few things for graffitti and so forth. Eventually though, I might want to work on a Canadian project like that.

M.E.: Yes, you could call it Rolling Ehm.

Ehm: Hee hee!

M.E.: As a veejay, do you ever find yourself plugging videos that really aren't your cup of tea?

Ehm: Ah, occasionally. That's the nature of the game. It's not like a local radio station or something where it's all right to....

M.E.: Be like Johnny Fever?

Ehm: Exactly. I mean, some things like [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] don't appeal to me personally. But then, just because I happen to have the luxury to be on this national music thing, why should I have the right to dictate my own particular tastes to everybody? People should decide for themselves what they like without free advice from me.

M.E.: I've noticed, however, that you get this glazed expression whenever you mention certain artists....

Ehm: Ha ha! No, really? Hee-hee!

M.E.: Do you enjoy portraying different characters, such as Erica Metal?

Ehm: Actually, I don't know how well that went over. But we did get a lot of mail about it.

M.E.: Do any aspects of contemporary video culture concern you?

Ehm: The tendency towards exploitive violence and sex is disturbing, but hopefully it's starting to get away from that sort of thing. I mean, less is more, you know?

M.E.: Very good. Oh, by the way, parlez-vous français?

Ehm: Oui-oui.

M.E.: Oh. Well. Sprechen-sie deutsche?

Ehm: Hmm? How's that?

M.E.: Oh, nothing, never mind. Have you ever heard of our magazine, Mute Elation?

Ehm: Ha ha! Yes, of course! Who hasn't? My room-mate collects them. They're great.

M.E.: Well, my associates are signalling me. Nice talking to you. 'Bye.

Ehm: 'Bye.



(Photo: Glamorous Chicks Magazine.)



ERICA EHM

Erica poses with her life-size
Mr. Spock cut-out.

The Erica Ehm Phenomenon-- Part 1.

Who is Erica Ehm? An interesting and ultimately life-or-death question. Is she merely a popular MuchMusic video-jockey, as we have been led to believe? Or perhaps something more.... insidious.

Well, no, probably not. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Ehm appears to be something more than a cable network veejay. Let us examine the facts.

At first glance, Ehm appears to be a jovial on-air personality, with a conventional dry wit and conventional professionalism. Also, she makes every attempt to maintain a fashionable sartorial correctness. Which is no less than what you would expect from a personality on a popular cable programme. Everything about Ehm appears to be perfectly normal.

Perhaps too normal. Is this public image reality, or merely a smokescreen? After examining hundreds of hours of videotaped and documented evidence, our research staff has reached some frightening conclusions. After

poring over exhaustive data, a pattern has begun to emerge.

Erica Ehm, this apparent ingénue, is somehow a master of both subtly-hidden smirk and low comedy. Yes, a merry prankster if ever there was one. But where did an alleged "newcomer" acquire these complex skills, which generally require years of training? And what about that meticulously-timed puckish sense of humour? Another "coincidence"? Or that clever deadpan expression-- merely spontaneous? Or part of a careful charade? And as for Ehm's diligent efforts to appear innocent; isn't that always a sign of some nefarious will at work? Erica Ehm would like nothing better than for the viewing public to believe she is utterly guileless. But, occasionally, in unguarded moments when her concentration is relaxed, we can see guile.

And how does Leonard Nimoy enter into all this? Probably not at all; I was just testing to see if you were paying attention.

NEXT MONTH: The Promethean Ehm.



shriekback

Shriekback-- Concert Hall, Nov. 2.

Shriekback is an utterly astounding band. Such sexual energy, such coy flirtations with intellectualism. Add to this a combination of formidable talent and campy high-spiritedness and you have a truly explosive package. Boy!



Barry Andrews.

The set started with a robust rendition of 'Nemesis', their popular and macabre anthem. But the present incarnation of Shriekback is so upbeat that they managed to make a song in which "the dead come home" sound positively giddy with joy. Their exuberance electrified the audience, who might have been expecting a somewhat more sinister approach from these denizens of the English Twilight Zone. But there was nothing to fear at this gig.

Concentrating on material from "Oil and Gold" and their current album, "Big Night Music", Shriekback served up a beaty, gutsy, punchy evening's entertainment. The vocalist, Barry Andrews, exhibited a vocal range from a basso rumble to an ear-splitting castrati squeal. Clad in several layers of garish bathrobes and other oddments, Andrews swerved madly about the stage, his grinning bald head bobbing this way and that. At times he even leapt up on the amplifier stacks, kicking high in the air and leering blithely into the rapt crowd below. Between songs he giggled and carried on with "good-natured Limey bloke" written all over his face. The crowd was thoroughly mesmerised by him and his two humourous sidekicks, the Partridge Sisters. These two delightful dwarfs provided vocal enhancements and synchronized gesticulations

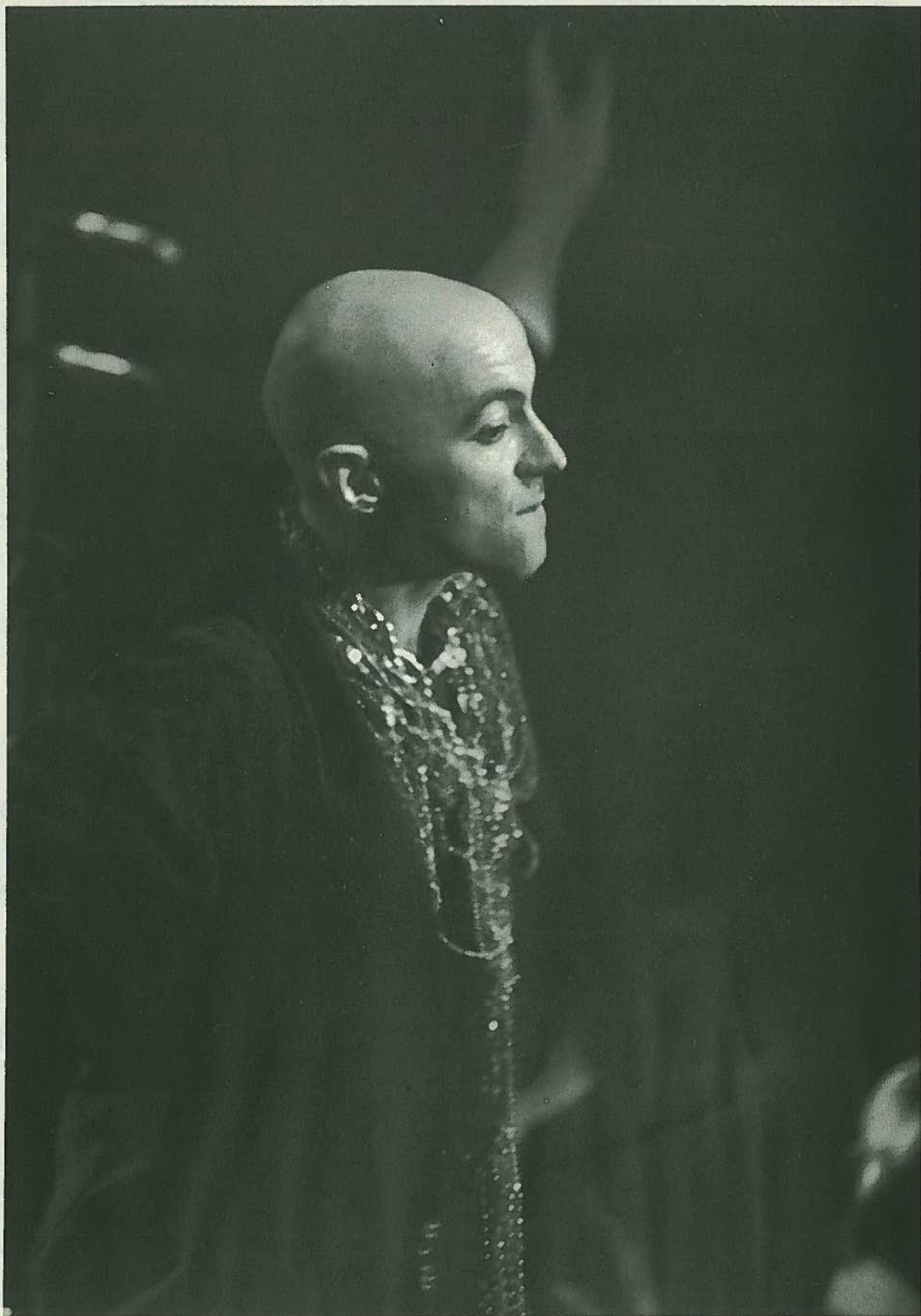


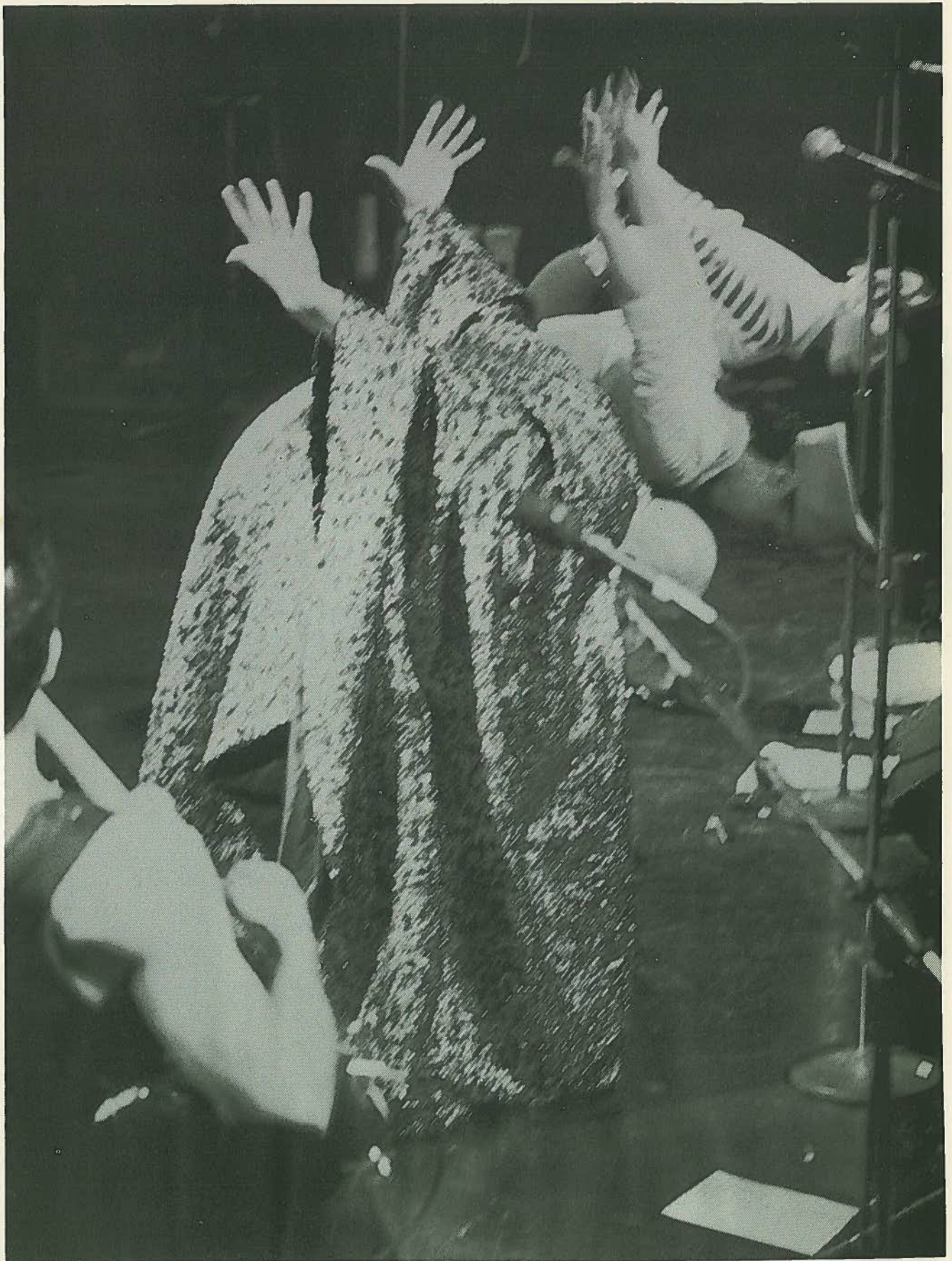
The Sisters Partridge.

throughout the performance. They managed to be both evocative and comic, although the pallor of their Anglo-Saxon tummies was a bit irksome.

Shriekback played for about eighty minutes, and the audience was so impressed that two encores were called for. And with good reason; Shriekback put on a performance second to none. Their songs are carried by exacting percussion that is both tribal and martial, metered and manic. Layered over this is a clever tapestry of keyboard, guitar, and all sorts of other thumping, buzzing things. Bluntly stated, Shriekback is terrific.







shriekback

Album Review:

Shriekback-- "Big Night Music"

A startling evolution from "Oil and Gold", Shriekback's latest album is one big surprise. While their previous release was tinged with paranoia and fear, "Big Night Music" is more relaxed and only peripherally menacing. It reflects a magnanimous spirit and a more conciliatory perspective.



While still maintaining the distinctive Shriekback sound, "Big Night Music" directs attention towards the band's new frame of reference. The songs illustrate a fresh determination and renewed vigour. The seductive, slippery sounds of 'Sticky Jazz' highlight this new attitude. It is even more obvious in the slivered strains of 'The Underwater Boys', a carnal innuendo if ever there was one. Shriekback seems intent on combining the sensual with the spiritual, and why not. Especially noteworthy is the Eno-like 'The Reptiles and I' (Shriekback lyrics are a herpetologist's dream) which delivers the ringing exhortation to live in harmony with lizards. And then there's 'Black Light Trap', an exciting and relentless bit of stuff. This is no mean feat, musically.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about "Big Night Music" is the contribution of percussionist Martyn Barker. The precision he has achieved must be heard to be believed. The drumming is so mathematically perfect that you would swear it was the work of some immensely complicated mechanism. Barker's work truly reflects the Rhythm of the Spheres.



"Now I'm Hercules."

And speaking of celestial mechanics, Barry Andrews-- he's one. His voice is rich, yet dry, and without the edge. And yet somehow distant, like the sound of the ocean or of far-off jungle beasts hallooing. The vocals of Wendy and Sarah Partridge have a welcome moderating effect. Guitarist Mike Cozzi has the requisite avid approach, and he provides a neat counterpoint to the devious thumpings of bassist Dave Allen.

"Big Night Music" is a triumph and almost certainly Shriekback's best album to date. But will reality ever conform to their blueprint? A sobering question. Buy the album and draw your own conclusions.



Sleepy Young Punks

It was another one of those nights. I was wandering about the darkened, dismal streets, drunken and aimless, trying to forget what I was, who I'd been. Finally, the numb feeling of my feet got too intense, so I collapsed in a doorway and lit up a battered Navy Cut.

Suddenly, I was not alone. A gang of furtive young punks came lurching along the sidewalk, at least five of them. At a glance I took in their carefully-starched mohawks, their almost-new leather jackets with the names of latter-day hardcore bands stencilled in liquid paper, their docs and squiggly camo pants. Not one of them could've been older than 17. I watched them, with mild indifference verging on catatonia. They noticed me. More correctly, they noticed I had cigarettes. Over they came, obviously intent on begging for smokes. I was having trouble keeping both eyes open at the same time. Well, one of them said "Hi", so I attempted to clear my throat, battering the alcohol-induced phlegm off my vocal chords. It didn't quite work. "Want some cigs?" I rasped. "Yep, sure, uh-huh, okay, yeah" they all muttered in unison. They each extracted a cig from the Player's pack I extended, nobly or with drunken detachment. They all lit up, taking rapid, short little puffs. In fact, they were starting to look like rapid, short little puffs. I shook my head, trying to clear my muzzy eyesight. A mistake. My eyes swam back and forth in my skull, possibly switching sockets. When the world blinked back on, I discovered that the young punks had joined me in the doorway, and in fact one of them was engaged in an avid discussion with me about skateboards. I wondered how much I had missed. I decided to change the subject. "Did you ever like The Damned?" I said. "The damned what?" the little mohican replied innocently. Well, I figured that I had lived long enough. So I changed the subject again. "Y'know, I used to have a mohawk. A blue one. In 1979."

"In 1979, I was in Grade Four," a spiky-haired girl stated matter-of-factly. I decided that I had lived too long. These kids were unnerving. They looked like dragged little elves, their eyes mascara'd into almond shapes. I never looked like that. Where do these kids get their loopy ideas? Painting their eyes like Japanese cartoon characters. Also, they

were acting in a lacklustre, yawning, unpunk way. They should have been smartass or goofy or snotty, or something, anything. But they just sort of sat there like lintballs. I tried to find out if this was all they ever did:

"You know, we used to do things like march around downtown in phalanxes."

They were stunned.

"In larynxes?!" one of them yipped in total amazement. I was stunned. "I'm going to the orthodontist tomorrow to get braces," the spiky haired girl said, as an obvious retort. She had the word "Chaos" painted on her jacket, and she was worrying about crooked incisors. "Why do that?" I said, "Your teeth are great. They make you look like a chipmunk." In fact, they were all starting to look like chipmunks. I shook my head again, causing little rhythmic arcs of red to pulsate gently across my eyeballs. The world hastily reassembled, and the spiky-haired girl was glaring at me as if I had just shot her dog. "You said she looked like a chipmunk," one of the mohicans explained with a long-suffering sigh. "So? Chipmunks are cute," I said, not really giving a damn. The spiky-haired girl giggled and blushed. This would've been an opportune moment to vomit, but I couldn't. So I reached into my napsack and produced a bag of fig newtons. "Here, eat these," I said. They dug in and starting stuffing their faces with both hands. The clicking sounds of their jaws echoed through the night.

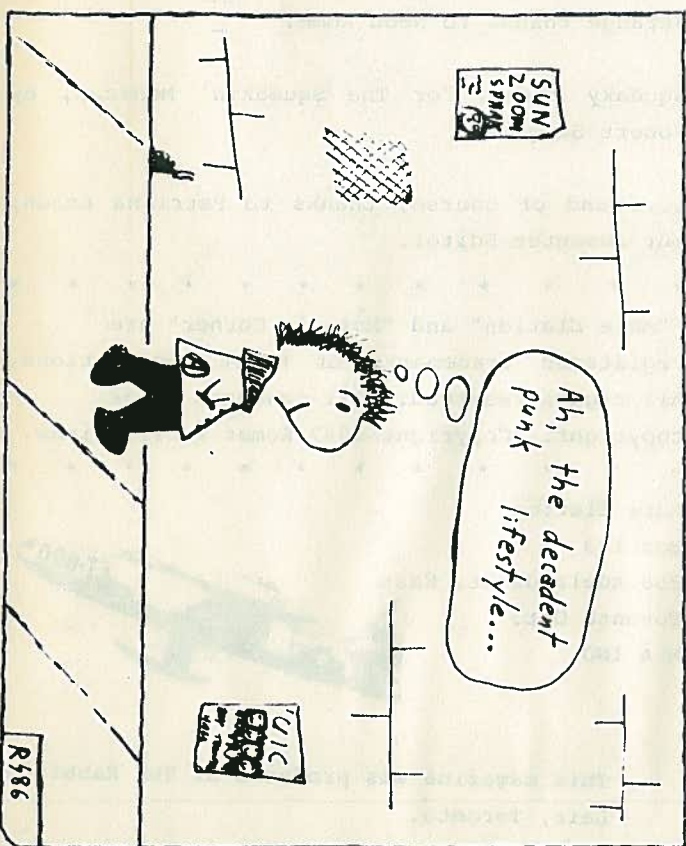
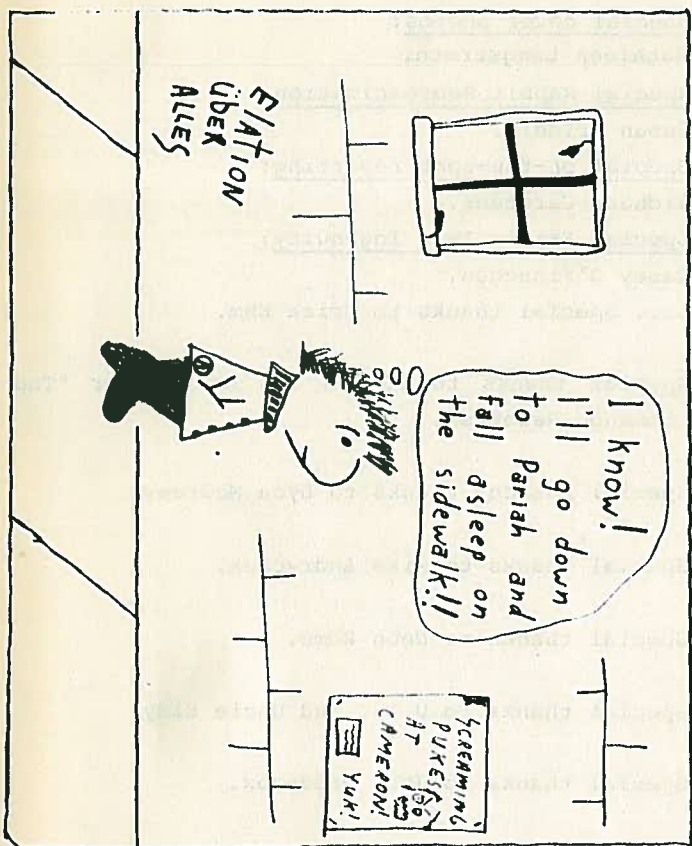
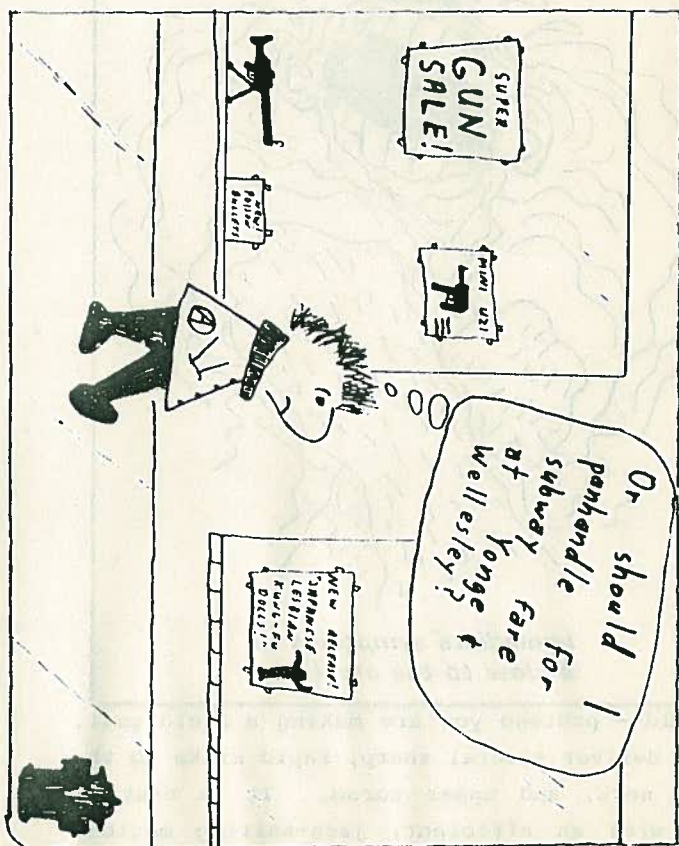
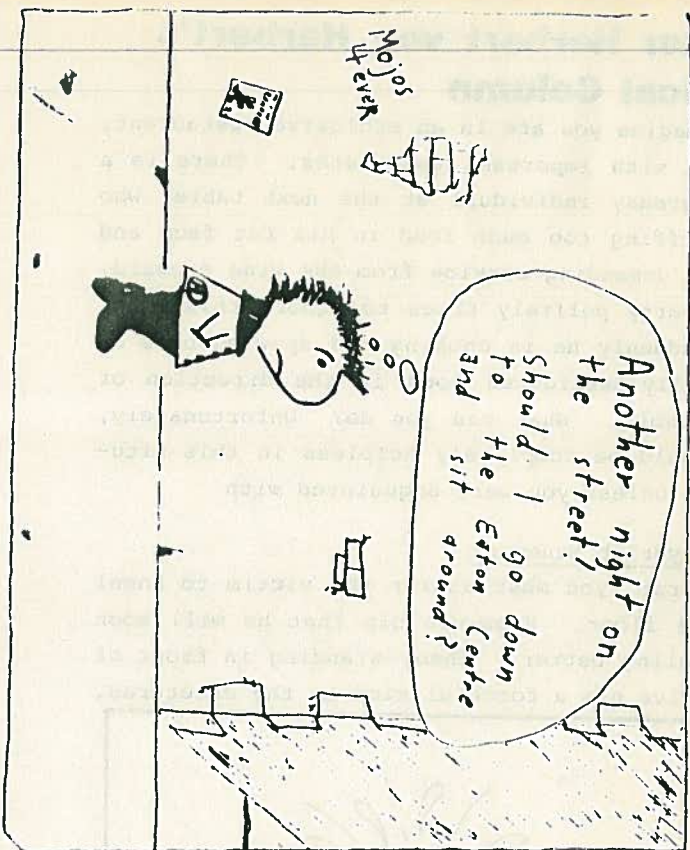
"Eat 'em up, they're full of amino acids," I said.

"Mean ol' acids?!?!" They looked at me as if they had been poisoned and had only seconds to live. "No, no, amino acids. You know, DNA and all that...." my voice trailed off as the incongruity of a molecular physics lecture dawned on me. The punks had decided to take their chances and were once again cramming back the fig newtons. I saw my chance and darted off into the darkness.



Eines der elegantesten Flugzeuge des 2. Weltkrieges war die Spitfire, die am 5.3.1936 zum ersten Mal flog. Aufgrund der reibungslosen Produktion standen bei Kriegesbeginn neun Geschwader zur Verfügung. Während der Luftschlacht von England waren die Spitfire und die Hurricane eigentlich die einzigen Flugzeuge, die die Invasion der Britischen Inseln verhinderten.

The Squeakin' Mohican



Doktor Herbert von Herbert's Medical Column

Imagine you are in an exclusive restaurant, dining with important associates. There is a fat, greasy individual at the next table, who is stuffing too much food in his fat face and loudly demanding service from the wine steward. Your party politely tries to ignore this lout, but suddenly he is choking and spewing bits of partially-masticated food in the direction of your table. What can you do? Unfortunately, you would be completely helpless in this situation, unless you were acquainted with

The Heydrich Maneuver

First, you must assist the victim to kneel on the floor. Reassure him that he will soon be feeling better. Then, standing in front of him, give him a forceful kick to the etceteras.



Be bold-- pretend you are making a field goal. Then, deliver several sharp, rapid kicks to the head, neck, and upper torso. It is best to kick with an efficient, jack-knifing motion. Don't waste time-- every second counts. You must continue kicking until the victim stops breathing altogether. To be absolutely safe, administer two or three final stomps to the head. Listen for the characteristic "crunch" sound. Memorize this procedure thoroughly; you never know when you'll have to use it.

SPECIAL CREDITS

Iggy Pop and Shriekback photographs:

Kathleen Langstroth.

Special cover photos:

Kathleen Langstroth.

Special Rabbit Reorganization:

Susan Priddle.

Special on-the-spot reporting:

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Special Erin's Isle Ingenuity:

Casey O'Finnegan.

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A rousing cheer for Blair Martin!

Strange thanks to Neon Rome.

Squeaky thanks for The Squeakin' Mohican, by Robert Sangster.

.... and of course, thanks to Patrisha Braun, our absentee Editor.

* * * * *

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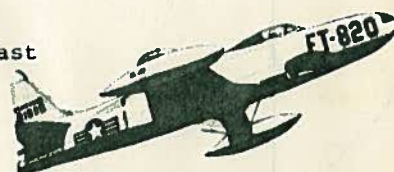
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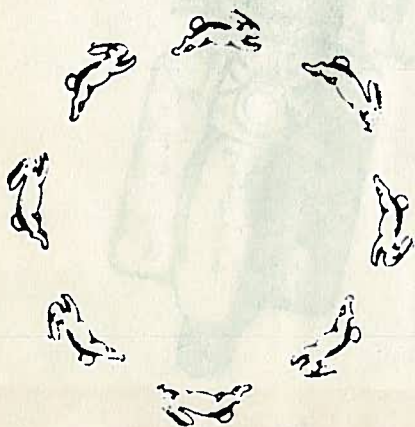
BUNNY'S DREAM....



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hold them for ransom or something.
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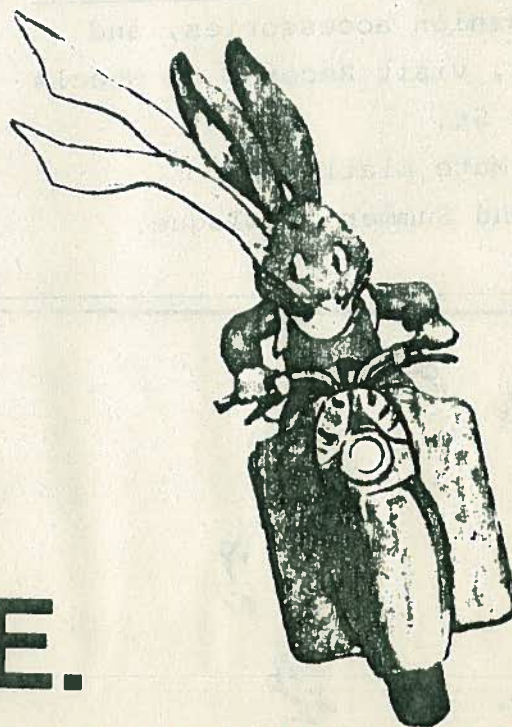
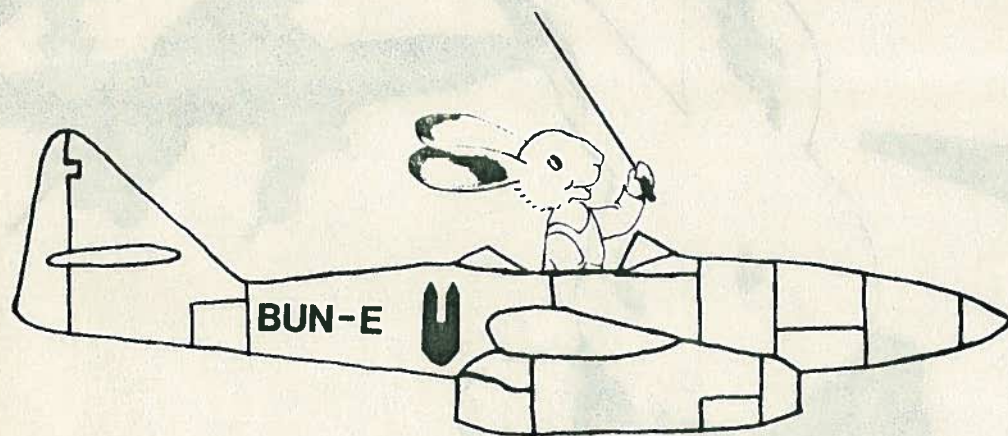
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